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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ANOTHER Afridi raid has been threatening Peshawar, but this has obviously failed. The tribesmen may or may not have been stirred by disaffected Indians: their object was not to free India from British rule, but to reach the mobilization dépôt on the south-eastern side of the town, and to return home with the Government stores. This they have failed to do, for by the time they reached the plain in which the city stands they had broken into small parties. Indeed, although their starting-point is a mountain salient with valleys running towards the roads to the south of the town, the raiders did not reach the city's communications in strong enough force to isolate the town for a single day. A considerable number of wandering bands are however still skirmishing and roving about in the plain to the south of the city, and as the country is so intersected with canals, and so covered with orchards that cavalry cannot scour it, the tribesmen may cause trouble for some time to come. The only danger to the Government was that the Afidis might have scored a temporary success, and by so doing have unsettled the "excitables" of the Province. This seems to have been averted.

* * *

From other parts of India the news is confirmatory of the two general tendencies which have been noticeable for weeks past; first, those sections of Indian society which desire to bring the existing state of affairs to an end are becoming more coherent and authoritative; but, secondly, the Congress movement has not spent itself, and is undoubtedly causing serious dislo-

cation in Bombay. With regard to the first tendency, the Indian Princes have appointed a delegation of very able men, who have all pledged themselves to a constructive policy; the Maharajah of Patiala is at its head, and he is to be assisted by the Maharajah of Alwar, who represented India at the Imperial Conference of 1928. Uncompromising denunciations of the Congress movement continue to come from authoritative Moslem assemblies; the Khalifat conference, and the Bengal Moslem conference, held in Calcutta during the week, endorsed speeches made by Mr. Shaukat Ali and Sir Abdur Rahim, both of whom were strongly in favour of working for the success of the Round-Table Conference. It is not so easy to speak with confidence about the state of affairs in Bombay, which is still unquestionably a fever spot. And it is a bad symptom that the mills have begun to close down; for this gives an incentive to the organizers of hartals, and recruits the numbers of those who are prepared to supplement boycotts with acts of violence which have already been numerous.

* * *

The proposal to establish a Trade Board for the catering trades, which raises in an acute form fundamental issues of economic policy, has attracted singularly little adverse criticism except, of course, from directly interested quarters. The draft Special Order just issued (which, however, is subject to modification) would require the proposed Trade Board to fix statutory minimum wages and the normal length of the working day for about 200,000 persons employed in restaurants, tea rooms, dining rooms, and public houses. Hotel workers engaged mainly on work for

residents would remain outside its scope. Although the results of an investigation made this year into conditions in these trades has not yet been published, an inquiry made in 1926 into the light refreshment and dining-room (non-licensed) trades, combined with the fact that these workers are almost completely unorganized, established a good *prima facie* case on merits for taking action to remedy conditions which are often bad and sometimes deplorable. But the mere merits of the case in isolation should not be the decisive factor. At a time when a large part of our economic difficulties springs from far too rigid a system of wage regulation, when the country has over 2,000,000 unemployed, and when every effort should be devoted to reducing their numbers, the paradox of extending the area of inflexible wage rates and increasing the proportion of sheltered workers shows that the Government does not understand even the elements of the unemployment problem. Not what we want, but what we can afford, must determine our social policy for the time being, as we argue at length in our leading article this week.

* * *

This year the annual conference of the Miners' Federation is meeting at Weston-super-Mare in close proximity to Cardiff and the distressed South Wales coal field; and the proceedings thus far reflect the gravity of the present position of the coal industry. Mr. Richards, the President of the Miners' Federation, in a speech marked by unusual restraint, directed the miners' attention to co-operation in working the machinery of the Coal Mines Act as the best available means for achieving the prosperity they desired; and the report of the Executive Committee showed that, while naturally unfriendly to the hours spreadover, the Miners' Federation propose to use their powers of veto in a responsible and considered fashion. So long as this temper prevails amongst the miners, the country can await with measured optimism the difficult adjustments of hours and, in some districts, of wages also, which will shortly have to be made. Meanwhile, good progress is apparently being made with the preparation of marketing schemes, the successful operation of which is the *sine qua non* of the other reforms contemplated in the new Mines Act.

* * *

A conference of bishops sitting for five weeks in secret conclave which registers not authoritative pronouncements but rather a series of opinions for the guidance of the Church is something of an anachronism. The encyclical and resolutions of the Lambeth Conference, which have been issued this week, although generously conceived, do not impress as eminent ecclesiastical statements would have in an earlier day. The resolutions might be described as Liberal-Catholic in tendency, and they represent a notable advance in several directions. The insistence on the teaching office of the Church and "the new emphasis upon the appeal to the mind as well as to the heart" shows a readiness to keep pace with the intellectual current of the time which is altogether welcome. On the questions of race and war and peace the resolutions are conventionally enlightened. While no religious sanction is given to divorce, an innocent person who has remarried may be permitted to receive communion. In cases of divorce the resolutions emphasize that those who have fallen short of the Christian standard "in this or in any other respect" are the responsibility of the Church. This is a sign that the time is passing when it was a reproach to the Church that divorcees were treated as social pariahs and not as sinners to be called to repentance.

By the substantial majority of 193 to 67 the Conference records its judgment on birth control. "Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood the matter must be decided on Christian principles. . . . Where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence the Conference agrees that other methods may be used. . . . The Conference records its strong condemnation of any methods of conception control from motives of selfishness, luxury, or mere convenience. . . . The Conference presses for legislation forbidding the exposure for sale and the unrestricted advertisement of contraceptives and placing definite restrictions upon their purchase." It is hard to see how such restriction of private enterprise would be practicable without some extension of public provision of contraceptive information and devices. Supporters of the admission of women to the priesthood will be disappointed that the order of deaconess is the only order of the ministry which the bishops will recognize, but there is some advance in the functions which are permitted to women and in the opportunities of ministration for women of special gifts. The task of a conference of this kind whose personnel is necessarily arbitrary in producing agreed documents is a difficult and delicate one, and it is satisfactory that the prevailing temper of such documents should be in tune with the spirit of the time.

* * *

Although New Zealand is approaching the Imperial Conference in the happy mood of having "no complaints and no demands," her general attitude, as outlined by Mr. Forbes, the present Prime Minister, will by no means be negative. Though still desiring the construction of the Singapore base, she is prepared, according to Mr. Forbes, to be largely guided in matters of foreign policy and defence by the experience and necessities of the United Kingdom; and economically she is anxious to assist any movement which promises to increase the prosperity of the United Kingdom and foster trade within the Commonwealth. On the vital matter of constitutional relations within the Empire, New Zealand is not favourable to pressing to their logical limits the principles of independence which found expression in the report of the recent Conference on the Operation of Dominion Legislation. On the contrary, the New Zealand Government consider that "the next most important problem in our constitutional relationships is no longer one of freedom or equality, but of consultation and co-operation"; and Mr. Coates, the former Prime Minister and now the Leader of the Opposition, who underlined this statement, urged that New Zealand should maintain that equality of status was not equality of function. If these wise and far-sighted views prevail, the constructive policy strongly advocated by General Smuts earlier this year will be assured, and the Imperial Conference will mark a successful turning-point in the development of the British Commonwealth.

* * *

It is not to be expected that the present, or any other, German Government will abandon all hope of modifying the Versailles Treaty, and announce, *urbi et orbi*, that they acquiesce in it for ever; but some vestiges of that ancient Prussian discipline, which was once so famous, might be profitably exercised over Nationalist Ministers who raise these awkward questions in a particularly awkward way. As an ex-naval officer, Herr Treveranus, may be excused for showing a certain amount of fighting spirit, as Minister for Occupied Territories he may be excused for having a strong sympathy for Germans under foreign rule. But neither his antecedents nor the position he occupies justifies him

in making an inflammatory public utterance about "unjust treaty lines," and in solemnly assuring all who heard him that Germany has never accepted the eastern frontier in the sense that she has accepted the western frontier by virtue of engagements given at Locarno. What Herr Treviranus states is, of course, a matter of common knowledge; but to state it in such a manner is simply to give a setback to a policy which can only be successful if it is wisely and persistently pursued.

* * *

What is regarded as a thinly veiled attack on the most-favoured-nation clause of German commercial treaties has resulted in a boycott of German goods by Holland and Denmark. By virtue of the latest dose of German agricultural protection the tariff on butter has been steeply raised. The duty on butter, however, was expressly stabilized for a period of years in the German-Finnish treaty, and the new rates could not therefore apply. A supplementary treaty was therefore made by which Finland agreed to the higher butter duties in return for concessions in the way of lower tariffs on other Finnish goods. But the Economic Committee of the Reichsrat objected. A project was then drawn up whereby a private German company should be formed with Government participation to buy a fixed quantity of Finnish butter at a high price, the losses on the resale to be borne by the Government. Juridically, it was claimed, there would be no infringement of existing treaties, the Finnish difficulty would be removed, and the new tariff universally enforced. Finnish representatives and representatives of the German company got into negotiation. Meanwhile Holland and Denmark saw in this move a violation of most-favoured-nation treatment, and instituted a boycott of German goods which, it is declared, is being carried out systematically by the leading commercial organizations of those countries. Leading German industrialist organizations have protested against the proposed deal, and so has the Press of the Left, which hopes that these negotiations will collapse. This in fact seems now to be their prospect.

* * *

Curious symptoms of unrest in the Kurdish tribes have been reported from several quarters. First the Turkish Government have formally protested to Teheran that Kurdish clans within Russian jurisdiction have been raiding Turkish territory. Notwithstanding that the Persian authorities made a counter-protest against the impending march of Turkish troops across the Frontier, the Turkish Government have ordered Salih Pasha to advance into Persia near Mount Ararat. Indeed, they regard the movement so seriously that they have sent Fevzi Pasha, the Chief of the General Staff, into Kurdestan. Simultaneously the Iraq Government are faced with what is reported to be a serious agitation. The Kurdish chiefs are bitterly indignant that no mention is made of their ancient liberties in the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty, and, after gathering in angry council, have reported the negligence of the Iraqi Government to the League of Nations. The Iraqi authorities evidently consider that this protest may be a preliminary to another, more energetic, one, and Jafar Pasha el Askari, the acting Prime Minister, has hurried north to placate the tribesmen. He also, takes the matter seriously, for whilst assuring the chiefs that their alarms are groundless, he has added that the Government will suppress any insurrectionary movement.

* * *

The Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations has produced a valuable Memorandum on Production and Trade, 1928 to 1928-29 (Allen & Unwin,

8s.). From it we learn that, while world population in 1928 was about 10 per cent. greater than in 1928, world production of foodstuffs and raw materials was about 25 per cent. greater, and world trade about 22 per cent. greater. The corresponding increases since 1926 have been about 2 per cent., 8 per cent., and 11 per cent. World production and trade developed considerably in 1928, and, according to the preliminary information available, further headway was made in 1929. All this is satisfactory, but there is reason to fear that 1930 will tell a different story.

* * *

We heartily sympathize with the appeal made this week by Sir Gregory Foster for the permanent endowment of a school of librarianship in the University of London. The profession of librarian should, indeed, be counted as one that must be "learned." A reference to "The World of Books" in this number of THE NATION will provide a genuine description of the baffled student in search of his authorities. It is ridiculous to suppose that the issue of books to any searcher either for knowledge or entertainment can be entrusted to youths or girls whose capacities are limited to the management of a card index.

* * *

In London, probably throughout England, and most certainly in Kent, there is only one event of importance this week. Not even the titillations from Glamis Castle, so assiduously nursed by our contemporaries, can obscure the fact that we have lost Mr. A. P. F. Chapman as the captain of an English cricket team. It does seem a little unfair that one so successful, so brilliant in the field, and obviously a genial leader of the mixed elements of gentlemanly and professional cricket should be sent home because it rained at Quatre Bras, and that his Waterloo should be left to be lost or won (for there can be no armistice) by a Mr. Wyatt of Warwick. We hope that Mr. Wyatt will not be depressed by the greatness that has been thrust upon him, and that Mr. Chapman's disappointment will be partly assuaged by the delights of journalism.

* * *

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "Tests now being made in connection with the Drumm electric storage battery in Dublin are stated to be giving complete satisfaction. This battery is the invention of Dr. Drumm, and the Free State Government have backed it to the extent of £5,000, besides making arrangements to have it patented in various countries. It is confidently expected that this invention will revolutionize transport. At present trials are being made on a stretch of railway near Dublin with a specially constructed coach. The Great Southern Railways have given every facility. The speed attained—about forty miles an hour—is said to be the highest yet obtained by the use of an electric battery, though the full strength of the battery is not yet available. Apart from speed, convenience for long distance journeys is its most striking feature. The battery may be half-charged in a few minutes. This may lead to the electrification of the Free State railways, and may supersede the use of petrol in mechanical transport—not only in Ireland. Following the Horse Show, Dublin's most brilliant event—which, last week, in spite of the watery weather, was a huge success—it seems almost a disloyalty for the Free State to be perfecting mechanical transport. The Horse Show at Ballsbridge was ringed with hundreds of closely parked motors besieging their four-footed rivals. But still the Horse Show holds its place, and, if I may be permitted to say so, the Drumm battery and the noble steed are being driven in double harness."

THE MENACE OF THE DOLE

TWO million persons out of an insured population of twelve millions are unemployed. The fact is noted with a passing interest as a new record, but the attitude of the general public is one of apathy or indifference, helplessness, or hopelessness. We are in danger of treating the whole unemployment problem as a manifestation of unknown forces entirely beyond human control, and we are encouraged to do so by the knowledge that unemployment is now a world phenomenon, experienced, in greater or less degree, by all industrial countries. Reports of unemployment on a great scale in the United States, Germany, and Italy are received with something akin to the grim satisfaction with which a man with gout learns that his neighbour is suffering from the same complaint. It is comforting to attribute our aches and pains to the weather, or to some other cause for which we are not in any way responsible. This fatalistic attitude is, of course, mischievous where bodily ailments are concerned. It is no less mischievous in relation to national disorders. Unemployment is the product of human mistakes and miscalculations, and it can be aggravated or alleviated by human action.

It is, roughly, true to say that half the unemployed in Great Britain to-day are out of work through causes peculiar to this country, and half through world causes. Ever since the war we have had about a million persons on the registers at the Labour Exchanges; the world slump in trade has doubled the number. It is the emergence of this second million, with the prospect of more to come, that has given some excuse for fatalism. World causes are apt to be intractable, and only Mr. Baldwin seems able to attribute them solely to the incompetence of the British Government. But while they make the problem more complicated and difficult, they also make it more menacing, and they put an additional strain upon our social mechanism which reveals its weaknesses. Efforts should, in our judgment, be made to deal with these world causes of unemployment through international action. Their character is not really obscure. Readers of Sir Henry Strakosch's admirable memorandum of "Gold and Prices"** will be convinced that they are largely monetary, and would yield in great measure to a wisely concerted policy by the central banks. We should like to see a conference of bankers called by the League of Nations to discuss the matter. Meanwhile, our national aim should be to live through the storm with as little permanent damage as possible to our industry and social institutions.

The strongest bulwark against such damage has hitherto been our national unemployment insurance scheme. Without it we should be faced by appalling distress, by the breakdown of the Poor Law, perhaps by bread riots and revolution. The present situation, which is causing anxiety to a few and vague discomfort to many, would have been intolerable without unemployment insurance. The modern conscience would not have been able to bear the harshness and cruelty of the methods applied a hundred years ago. If there had been no insurance scheme, some comprehensive

form of State relief would have had to be improvised; and it is significant that Americans, who have hitherto regarded our proceedings with amused astonishment, are inquiring into them with more respect now that they are faced by an immense unemployment problem of their own.

(Unfortunately, the scheme which has done so much to mitigate the evils of the past ten years is rapidly breaking down under the strain put upon it.) Successive Governments faced by electoral pressure and administrative difficulties have twisted and distorted the original plan to make it serve purposes for which it was never intended, and last November the House of Commons, displaying an unwonted initiative, forced upon an unwilling Minister amendments which are now spreading scandal and demoralization through the land. These are sweeping terms, but we use them deliberately. On the occasion to which we refer the House of Commons, as we noted at the time, "concentrated exclusively on one objective: that of ensuring that no bona fide applicant can possibly be debarred from unemployment benefit." The misgivings which we expressed then have been too well justified.

"In this world," we wrote, "unfortunately, you cannot provide cast-iron safeguards against the possibility that the just man may suffer, without producing a situation of which it is easy for the unjust man to take advantage. The question, in short, is whether the obligation of an unemployed person to seek work has not now been relaxed to a degree that is definitely unwise. There seems to us a real danger that the relaxation will lead to a substantial increase, mainly through greater delay in the filling of vacancies, in the number of the unemployed."

Everyone who has any knowledge of the working of the Act—as employer, official, or insured person—can tell stories of the abuse of this relaxation. We forbear to retail any of them, for they are in their nature hard to verify. The figures of cost to the State speak eloquently enough. "Transitional Benefit," or "the dole" proper, that is to say, the money paid to those who have ceased to be qualified for insurance benefit, was estimated at £6½ millions last November. The amendment to the "genuinely seeking work" provision originally proposed by Miss Bondfield was expected to cost the State £1½ millions. The provision made in the Budget for the Transitional Period was £10½ millions. It is, in fact, costing £18 millions or £20 millions. Now, there is no reason, so far as we can see, why the trade slump should increase the number of those in receipt of Transitional Benefit. It is reasonable, therefore, to attribute the whole of this extra cost to the misplaced enthusiasm of the House of Commons.

The mischief does not, of course, end there. Space does not permit us to trace the steps by which every Government during the last nine years has contributed to the distortion of the insurance scheme into a general system of unemployment relief, without discriminating so far as benefits were concerned between those who were properly covered by insurance and those who were not. These steps are admirably described by Mr. R. C. Davison in the opening chapter of a recent publication.† Suffice it to say here that the safeguards of a genuinely contributory system have disappeared;

* Published as a Supplement to the ECONOMIST of July 5th.

† "What's Wrong with Unemployment Insurance." (Longmans, 2s. 6d.)

that employers and employees are alike disposed to exploit the so-called "Fund" to the fullest extent, and that, since non-contributors (if they are registered in "insured" occupations) draw equal benefits with contributors, the basis of the scheme is breaking down. Married women who have no desire and no need to work habitually draw benefits. Seasonal workers, like the Scottish girls who visit Yarmouth and Lowestoft during the herring season, now draw unemployment benefit for the rest of the year.) A large number of factories, especially in Lancashire, are organized for short time on a system which enables their employees to draw unemployment benefit under the "continuity" rule.

The results of the lax way in which the scheme has been administered are seen in its finance. The "Insurance Fund" is £50 millions in debt; it is piling up debt at the rate of £25 millions a year, and it is probable that, as the number of unemployed is still increasing, the rate will soon be £80 millions. Mr. Snowden's austerity over the Sinking Fund will be of little value unless some provision can be made for dealing with this rapidly growing debt. Unfortunately, there is every prospect of a heavy deficit on the Budget itself. A further increase in direct taxation, unless it were accompanied by some very definite administrative changes, would be almost certain to inflict permanent damage on the nation. Import duties, which Ministers are now said to be considering, would throw open the door to all the evils of Protection. There is, in our judgment, only one way in which the situation can be substantially improved, and that is by a drastic overhaul of the whole system of unemployment relief.

In the interests of the nation as a whole, of the industries affected, and of insured workers, we believe that a strenuous effort should be made this autumn to put unemployment insurance on a sound footing. Some ratio between the contributions paid and the benefits drawn should be restored. The waiting period should be increased, and the continuity rule be abolished. These measures would, of course, relieve the Insurance Fund of a good many of those who now draw benefit. For them and for all those who are now in receipt of transitional benefit a new form of relief should be provided. They should not burden the Insurance Fund; they should not be thrown upon the Poor Law; but they should be relieved by the State according to their several necessities. (The nation can no longer afford to pay insurance benefits at a uniform rate to those who have not made adequate contributions to the Fund. It is essential that the means of such persons should be investigated before relief is forthcoming, and we should like to see the relief given, as far as possible, in kind. A system of vouchers for food, fuel, and clothing, would be of more value than money payments to the truly necessitous, and would go far to eliminate the claims of those who have other means of livelihood. Whether this relief should be administered through the Labour Exchanges or the new Public Assistance Authorities is a matter for consideration, and there are many other questions which present themselves. For the moment, we are only concerned to indicate the bare outline of a discriminating policy which we regard as essential if permanent damage from the present crisis is to be avoided.

THE PROBLEM OF MATERNAL MORTALITY

THE many to whom the solving of the obstinate problem of Maternal Mortality is of particular concern, clearly realize the human suffering that lies behind the recent statement of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health that, in spite of the many Acts passed and administrative measures taken to combat it, in 1928 the maternal death-rate was as high as in 1911.

Why should the problem remain so baffling? Or is it really baffling? Is it not rather that the causes and remedies have been known but that no really adequate attempt has as yet been made to apply them? The Interim Report just published of the Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality and Morbidity set up by the Ministry of Health in 1928 provides an answer to these questions.

It is indeed not the first attempt to undertake this task in recent years. In 1924 and again in 1927 admirable reports surveying the ground and pointing out much of what needed doing were written by Dame Janet Campbell, the able head of the Maternity and Child Welfare Department of the Ministry of Health. These had become the very Bible for those tackling the problem, and, had her recommendations to Local Authorities and to those responsible for the training of medical students been carried out, a downward tendency in the death-rate might even by now have become noticeable. The gaps in our maternity services were noted also in the Report of the recent Royal Commission on National Health Insurance, and by the Report, published last year, of the Departmental Committee on the Training and Employment of Midwives. The need for a more thorough training in obstetrics of medical students has been commented on by medical associations for at least the last ten years.

The field had been pretty well surveyed, therefore, and the necessary reforms—with one big exception to be referred to later—had for the most part been agreed upon by the experts, before the Committee which has just reported was set up. But the general public, though dismayed at the figures, did not as yet realize the extent to which the evil was avoidable and what measures should be taken to avoid it. The new Report should help here. Forcibly written, it brings out over and over again the main outlines of the problem and makes abundantly clear what steps should be taken to remove this blot from the health work of the nation.

It is, of course, in the *avoidability* of the deaths rather than in their large number that the tragedy lies—but, as the report points out, the loss by death of some three thousand mothers a year "is largely of women, most of them young . . . making their supreme physical contribution to their day and generation, each of them the mother of a home and the upholder and trainer of a family. The death of such a mother may well be . . . perhaps the most grievous of all misfortunes and dislocations which can afflict her husband and children."

Moreover, the same causes which lead to a high maternal mortality entail in an unknown number of other cases the subsequent invalidity of the mother; a relatively large number of still-births, and an excessive mortality among infants born alive. (It is noteworthy that the recent reduction in the infant death-rate does not extend to the deaths of babies under one month, death being mainly due to maternal ill-health or to damage at birth.)

The Departmental Committee which has issued the new Report consisted entirely of medical men and women

who were asked "to advise upon the application to maternal mortality and morbidity of the medical and surgical knowledge at present available, and to inquire into the needs and direction of further research work." They considered both the medical and administrative aspects of the question, and their interim conclusions are based on the evidence of the first two thousand answers to a questionnaire sent out to Medical Officers of Health on the causes of maternal deaths which had occurred over a certain period.

The Committee endeavoured in each case to discover the "primary avoidable cause" of death. These fell into the following four groups : (1) absence of ante-natal care, 17 per cent.; (2) errors of judgment of doctors or midwives, 17 per cent.; (3) lack of reasonable facilities, 5 per cent.; (4) negligence of the patient to carry out advice, 9 per cent. Fuller particulars of the remaining cases would have swelled these figures and accounted for the Committee's finding that "of the cases of death brought under our notice *not less than one-half were preventable.*"

It is noteworthy that nearly one-third of all the deaths recorded were due to sepsis, as to the causes of the infection of which much still remains unknown. A statement will be made later by the Committee on this subject when they have further data. So much for the causes. What, then, are the recommendations?

"The solution," the Report states, "to the complex problem of maternal morbidity and mortality will be found in an all-round tightening up as well as strengthening of each link in the chain of obstetric supervision, an increased watchfulness over all stages of pregnancy and labour rather than in any single . . . remedy."

"It is certain," it adds, "that an excessive maternal mortality can be prevented, for in some lying-in institutions and in large groups of women, it is already being prevented. . . . What is being done for some women could and should be done for all."

The principal specific recommendations refer to the education of the medical student; to an improved medical practice; to the supervision of pregnancy, and to the co-ordination of maternity services.

It is with regard to the development of a National Maternity Service that the pressure of public opinion is most likely to be usefully felt.

The Committee expressed its appreciation of the immense progress already made, such as : the work under the Midwives Act, the establishment of ante-natal, maternity, and infant welfare clinics, the provision of maternity homes, maternity benefit, and maternity nurses; but it considered that "there is further need for the co-ordination of these services in every health area concerned, and their extension to enlist the co-operation of the general practitioner." It might perhaps have stressed more than it did the fact that so large a proportion of the local authorities have failed to provide more than a few of the services they are enabled to set up under the Maternity and Child Welfare Act, 1918. It has indeed been estimated that quite half the authorities have provided less than half the services they might have established.

In spite of these deficiencies on the part of Local Health Authorities, the Committee recognizes that the co-operation it considers to be so vital can only be brought about by the local authorities appropriately organized by the Ministry of Health.

The essential services it considers should be provided under a National Maternity Service include :—

1. The provision of a qualified midwife.
2. The provision of a doctor for ante- and post-natal care, and in abnormal cases to attend at the birth.

3. The provision of a consultant when required by the doctor.

4. The provision of hospital beds for such cases as need or wish for institutional care.

5. The provision of certain ancillary services, e.g., transport, nursing, and home-help.

Here we find an outline of the form a National Service should take ; it is abundantly clear that, if established and combined with a more thorough training of the medical student and a better medical technique, at least half the maternal lives now lost every year would be saved.

The Committee pointed out that it was not its province to determine how such a National Maternity Service is to be financed ; nor did it attempt any estimate of what it would cost. There is little doubt, however, that if public opinion chooses to make itself felt, the Government will be bound to follow the lead given by its own Ministry of Health. Public opinion was successfully roused by the cry of "Save the babies"; if it can now be roused to "Save the mothers" such an indictment as that made in the Report might quickly be withdrawn.

EVA M. HUBBACK.

A SMOKER'S RUBAIYAT

Now when the golden glory fades to grey
On this the borderland of Night and Day,
Sit down with me and light the evening Weed
That puffs the World and all its cares away.

For all day long we weary heart and brain
In feverish quest of truth, of power, or gain,
And not one hour such fragrance leaves behind
That you or I to bring it back are fain.

And Art is but a war of jarring schools,
And Science but the certitude of fools,
And all Philosophy a vain attempt
To chain the winds and teach the tempest rules.

The Statesman, scenting danger from afar,
The Saint and Sage who scorn all things that are
Made fair to see or pleasant to the sense—
What can they show us worth a good Cigar?

Here, with a deep arm-chair, worn soft with age,
A fragrant weed and Knox's sparkling page,
And you to pass the box and share the jest,
I laugh to scorn the Statesman, Saint, and Sage.

Light up with me, and be the hapless lot
Of Baldwin and MacDonald quite forgot;
Let Winston pour invective as he will
And Snowden answer tartly—heed them not!

And whether Bergson, whether Einstein spoke
The final word on Life's tremendous joke,
We read "the riddle of the painful earth"
With clearer vision—through a haze of smoke.

Myself, of old, have given earnest heed
To many a preacher of the Stoic creed,
And yet, for all the myriad ills of men
Have found no certain solace, save the Weed—

The Weed, whose soothing magic driveth hence
Whate'er may work the weary soul offence,
And with its delicate aroma drowns
All memory of Life's impertinence.

Ah, while we live, together let us roll
The Cigarette, all-powerful to console;
And when I die, do thou above my grave
Shake out the ashes from thy Meerschaum's bowl.
MACFLECKNOE.

IMPORT BOARDS

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL wisely said in an article in *THE NATION* a few weeks ago that the subject of Import Boards needs further consideration; and there has since been in these columns a letter from Mr. Wise, their most active champion, who has also delivered an address on the subject to the Liberal Summer School. Neither pronouncement fully clarified the question.

The proposal should be restated if only because Mr. Wise at Oxford hardened it out in an important respect. The importation of wheat, and of other cereals and grains which like wheat are animal feeding stuffs, and of meat, is to become a Government monopoly—fairly long term purchases being made in advance from the chief exporting countries; and, as there is nearly one penny which could be saved on the loaf by economies in handling, distribution, milling, and baking, farmers should be paid 50s. a quarter for wheat of milling quality, this costing only a fraction of a farthing on the loaf, which could therefore be saved several times over. This is the proposal up to date, and its recent modification lies in this, that whereas Mr. Wise in an address to the Farmers' Club in February stated the price to the farmer as "in any case not less than at a parity with the estimated landed price of imported wheat of similar quality," the price to the farmer now is to be, at present prices, about 12s. a quarter above it. It is perhaps Mr. Baldwin's promise of a return to wheat subsidies which has improved the offer from the Labour side.

It seems convenient to argue the question of Import Boards as Mr. Wise does, and to look at its two main elements separately—the purchase by a body which would in effect be the Government, and the subsequent saving between the landed grain and the householder's loaf. And the first important point seems to be whether these two elements can actually be separated, for if they can, though a Government monopoly of imports might be unsound, the large saving after import might still be possible.

Mr. Wise argues that nothing can be done without a Government monopoly of importing, and that in order to economize in subsequent charges import prices must first be stabilized. He states this as a new consequence of the present situation, alleging that prices are far more unstable than formerly, this being due to (1) the establishment in other countries of large exporting corporations; (2) gambling in wheat; and (3) the breakdown of the wheat trade. But (1) the corporations exist to steady prices not to disturb them, and no proof has been adduced that they have failed in this; Mr. Wise (it should be noted) admits that they have not raised prices, and indeed argues that they could not, for fear of stimulating production, which they cannot control, and producing a glut. (2) The Chicago wheat gambling has little if any effect in making prices here more jumpy, and none in making them higher, for there, as here, gamblers as a whole lose, whence bookmakers' and the tote's percentage. And (3) the wheat trade, though it has changed since the war, has by no means broken down, over 60 per cent. of it being still outside the control of the three big milling countries, whose influence on prices is still further reduced by the existence of a greater import of flour than any of them produces. One is therefore not surprised to find that the curve of monthly Gazette prices of home-grown wheat for the last five years is not appreciably more jumpy than the pre-war curve. One may indeed safely assume that a body such as the Co-operative Wholesale Society has of recent years had as little difficulty in buying with but slight variation from seasonal world prices, as twenty years ago. And if this

is so it seems difficult to argue that unless prices are flattened out by an Import Board, handling economies are impossible. The two questions should therefore be capable of separate treatment.

With regard to importation by Government, it seems probable that their buying would be dearer than that of the trade, which lives on very small margins. Certainly the general war experience was that a Government cannot for long buy secretly, and that prices harden the minute a Government buyer is seen on the market. But in spite of this, if the different pools of different nations got together to put up prices against the importing countries the argument that there must be some Government agency to counteract them would be fairly strong. But even if pools combined against us in this way (and as has been shown they do not and cannot), there is an argument against the Government monopolizing imports which seems the more insuperable the more closely it is examined. This is the element of discord which would be introduced into our Imperial relationships. For it is well known, and can be stated without suggestion of blame or criticism, that the peoples and Governments of the Dominions would consider the Home Government fair game if they were in difficulties, and would use their relationship with the Mother Country as a means of applying every kind of pressure so as to obtain relief. For instance, during part of the cereal year which is now closing the Canadian Pool was in great difficulty, as it had a big carry-over from the preceding season. This our merchants would not buy at the Pool's price, for European and other wheats were available in sufficient quantity—and Canada's difficulties are still unsolved. During this period could any Home Government have bought non-Empire wheat at world prices against the pressure of the Canadian Government and people? And if our Government had been forced to pay some large sum to save the position in Canada, would there not have been a violent agitation here to make the Government also shoulder the burden, and not work it off in higher bread prices? Those who remember how a few years ago it was made impossible for Government supporters to win by-elections until Canada's demand to send us unfat cattle was granted, will not like the prospects which would at once arise, when the price of all grain and meat—which is their main livelihood—depended on the prices which the Dominions could extract from the Home Government. A wise man would surely hesitate long before introducing into the Empire so high-powered a centrifugal pump as Import Boards would undoubtedly be. The only policy which might bring comparative peace would be constant bread and meat subsidies on a scale far higher than anything which we have yet experienced, which are the high road to the policy which ruined Rome.

But as has been said, however undesirable Import Boards may be, the possibility of post-landing economies with a higher price to the farmer as an incidental result still remains. Indeed, if Mr. Wise's figures are right, the Government seem to have the matter in their own hands, and without needing legislation. The Co-operators, as is well known, buy wheat largely and wisely, they bake extensively, they have no middlemen's charges, and surely they must do the financing, insurance, transport, and handling, on which it is alleged that large economies are possible, quite as cheaply as Government would do. If they sell their bread from the Co-operative Stores at ordinary prices they must therefore (on Mr. Wise's figures) profiteer to the extent of nearly one penny on the loaf, and to give the farmer 50s. a quarter needs only a fraction of a farthing. Surely the Government has only to point out to the Co-operative movement, which is already its close political

ally, that they can save the fortunes of arable farming by taking their British wheat at 5s., and still retain more than three farthings per loaf above a reasonable profit. This would be an inestimable service to the country, for once this magnificent example was set public opinion would soon make all other millers and bakers do the same. For though all will not handle grain and flour as cheaply as the Co-operators, the present margin must surely be enough to allow a reasonable profit, even if a little extra is paid for the small proportion of home wheat used. If there were any difficulty it would not be impossible to lay down by law a relationship between prices of imported wheat and bread prices. And clearly it could all be done without any increase in bread prices, so that no one would have any grievance—if Mr. Wise's figures are right.

The practical conclusion seems to be that the Government should give us a definite pronouncement on these figures as soon as possible. If they are right, something on the lines suggested is surely practical politics, and arable farming is saved. If they are wrong, the argument which is so incessantly heard about the wonderful economies which would follow if the Government took over the import and handling of foodstuffs would be shown to be deplorable nonsense, which would be something to the good.

F. D. ACLAND.

THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE

LORD IRWIN'S speech to the Legislative Assembly has produced a noticeable change in the Indian situation. It has brought to the support of the Round-Table Conference a large section of the Liberals, Independents, and Moslems; and there appears to be general recognition that the Viceroy has gone further than in his previous utterances to conciliate Indian national opinion. Among the hopeful factors in the situation are the attitude of the European community in India, and the crystallization of the view that the presence of the Congress party leaders at the Round-Table Conference is essential for its success. Sir Hugh Cocke, the leader of the European group in the Legislative Assembly, has expressed strong disapproval of the die-hard element in Britain dictating policy to the Government in India. Of the greatest significance is the view of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce and the Bombay branch of the European Association that "they have every sympathy for all reasonable aspirations of Indians towards obtaining a suitable form of responsible government embracing the substance of Dominion status as soon as possible." A few weeks ago, they put forward the suggestion that "simultaneously with the calling off of the civil disobedience movement, there should be a general amnesty to all political prisoners not guilty of violent crimes, and the definition of the purpose of the Round-Table Conference to be the evolution of a self-governing Dominion constitution with safeguards for the transition period." Only those who are in close touch with India can grasp the full meaning of this profound change which has come over European opinion in Bombay, where the campaign of civil disobedience and boycott has reached an acute stage. One gathers the impression from recent telegrams from India that the strain of the past few months has been so tremendous that relief is most welcome—alike to Europeans, Indians, officials, and non-officials. It is this mood which accounts for the tendency among the non-Congress politicians to read the most favourable interpretation possible into the Viceroy's speech. There is a dis-

tinct touch of annoyance even in official circles in India at Mr. Churchill's uncompromising speeches in which he declares Dominion status to be impossible within the lifetime of anyone now alive.

But there are two dangers in the development of the latest phases of the situation: the first is that in the peculiar and unenviable parliamentary position of the Labour Government, it cannot afford, without running close to the risk of a General Election, to take a bold line with regard to India. There are, it must be noted, the clear and definite pledges of the party and of the Prime Minister that Labour will stand for complete self-government and self-determination for India at the earliest possible moment. Let me give but one concrete instance. In July, 1928, Mr. MacDonald said at the Commonwealth Labour Conference in London that "within a period of months rather than of years," he hoped "to see a new Dominion added to the British Commonwealth," and went on to say that he referred to India. If he were to indicate even in general terms, that he and the Government intend to carry out that promise, there would be a rally of the Opposition forces immediately in Parliament; but on moral and political grounds he could not suggest to India that she was expecting the impossible. The difficulties of the present are, therefore, surmounted by the offer of "a free Conference." Anything, one is told, may be brought forward before the Conference, and no limit will be placed on the demand India may make. True, but what will be done with the demand, when it is made? That is the question Pundit Motilal Nehru and many others with him are asking.

The second danger is the consequence of allowing in India the feeling to grow, as it must inevitably, that, were the Conference to prove a failure, no political party in Britain would give her political freedom. The party which stands for the severance of the British connection with India would immediately gain a large accession of strength. Unfortunately, this possibility is obscured in the day-to-day efforts of the Government to avoid a parliamentary reverse. In the long run, it is, in my opinion, better for the Labour Party to take the risk of defeat, but to go ahead with plans to carry out its promise to India. In the event of failure, it will be a glorious failure, though I am not convinced that it will be a failure.

Sooner or later, the position will have to be faced, whether at the Round-Table Conference, or later still, when Parliament considers a new Government of India Bill. The Government will have to come out into the open, and either support India's demand for a Dominion Constitution and face a crisis at Westminster, or oppose it, with a stiffening of the opposition in India. Better, far better from every point of view, would it be for the Government to take the former course: it would win for them the support of every section of opinion in India, not excluding the British. Mr. Churchill may have been indiscreet in his speeches; but was he not right to point out the danger of encouraging hopes in India which it may not be possible to satisfy at the Round-Table Conference?

Let not the mistake be made on this side that if other parties agree to come to the Conference, the presence of Congress leaders need not be regarded as indispensable. The Congress Party is the best organized and by far the most powerful party in India. In Mr. Gandhi and Pundit Motilal Nehru, it has the advantage of possessing leaders of great tact and ability. It may be held in Britain that they are implacable extremists, with whom there should be "no truck." No greater misrepresentation could be made of their aims. Mr. Gandhi is despite obvious superficial indications, a man of compromise. His last statement was

that he would be content with "the substance of independence." Pundit Motilal Nehru declared, on the eve of his arrest, that he was prepared to come to the Round-Table Conference if it would discuss a Dominion Constitution with safeguards. The value of Congress co-operation is so supremely important that no considerations of convenience and prestige should stand in the way. Assume, for argument, that it is not secured; the Congress Party would be hostile to any Constitution that may come into existence as a result of the Conference. India has sufficient experience of the influence of the Congress Party over the electorates not to need a fresh demonstration; and, I would add, it is bound to increase with every extension of the franchise.

It would be bare justice to these two men to say that they have fought against great odds in their own party for a position from which they could negotiate for a settlement of the Indian problem. Sufficient allowance is not often made for the difficulties they have had to face in keeping the Congress Party together. And, after all, is not the position simple in its fundamentals? If it is to be a Dominion Constitution (with certain reservations), why should not the offer be made to the Congress Party with the other Indian representatives at the Round-Table Conference? But if it is to be something less, the Conference is bound to fail, whether with or without the Congress leaders, and a situation will arise in comparison with which the present struggle will appear to be a preliminary skirmish.

B. SHIVA RAO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. SIMON'S "INDISCRETION"

SIR.—I greatly regret that I was not present at this year's Summer School, if only to hear what Mr. E. D. Simon had to say. His speech did not at all surprise me. I do not mean that I particularly expected it from him; but I expected it from somebody.

Why? Simply because it is high time (as I gather Mr. Simon argued) that the foundations of our Free Trade principles were authoritatively "restated." I am a Free Trader myself—that is, as far as I know—and have given from Liberal platforms "expositions" (and convincing ones, too) "of the classical case for Free Trade." But a good deal of water has flowed under Folly Bridge since I sat at the feet of the late F. Y. Edgeworth. We live in a peculiar world—a world in which the "long run" is a devilish long one and "other things" obstinately refuse to be equal; and the more I read my economic text-books, the sadder and the less wise I become.

In short, I have felt for a long time that we urgently need a *realistic* and comprehensive inquiry into the data—economic and political—upon which, in the future, our fiscal policy should be based. If I remember rightly, no attempt has been made to bring such data together for nearly thirty years.

Might I add that the expressions of shocked indignation which Mr. Simon's speech seems to have produced are themselves rather shocking to me? I thought that the one thing all Liberals had in common (save perhaps in respect to the drink question) was a dislike of mumbo-jumbo; and unless our belief in Free Trade rests upon mumbo-jumbo, the more we chat about it in public, and ask ourselves, in the Socratic manner, why this or that sort of tariff will not do, the better. These military metaphors—selling the pass, disheartening the rank and file, &c.—are, to my mind, irrelevant. Young Liberals are not invited to the Summer School to receive their orders for battle; they are there to discuss topography and tactics; and if at times they can put their seniors right, so much the better.

And one last point. There is a second reason why an inquiry into tariff policy seems to me urgently needed. It may be true (I hope it is) that Liberals have been right all along, and that all tariffs are poisonous; but even so, it is

quite on the cards that this country will see, in the near future, a considerable extension of tariffs. If that be so, it is up to Liberals to consider how the admitted evils of Protection can best be mitigated. The alternatives of Safeguarding, of Empire Free Trade (whatever that means), of a 10 per cent. revenue tariff, and so forth, need to be scientifically explored. Liberals would surely deserve well of their country in undertaking this thankless task.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT PHILLIPS.

The Smithy, Shenington, Banbury, Oxon.

August 11th, 1930.

SIR,—Obeying Mr. Simon's request, I have been reviewing his proposition of a 10 per cent. general tariff with an open mind. I venture to append the result.

E. D. S.'s question.—(1) Is it not desirable—since we have reached the limits of direct taxation—to adopt this 10 per cent. proposition from the revenue point of view?

Liberal answer.—No! Firstly, we have not reached the limits of direct taxation. It would be easy to put a direct tax on incomes—beginning at a lower minimum than we do to-day—or to increase the deduction from wages for insurance stamps. Or by a dozen other alternatives to increase direct taxation on the same people (roughly) who would pay the "10 per cent. Revenue" tax. It would require courage and need explanation, but such a policy would make just taxation possible. A 10 per cent. revenue tax on food and incidentals would be based on the principle that the lower your income was the higher the tax per £ would be.

Further direct taxation would bring 19s. 6d. in the £ of the tax paid to the Exchequer. The "10 per cent. Revenue" would turn as much into private pockets as the Government collected.

E. D. S.'s question.—(2) Could not such a 10 per cent. revenue tax be used to assist our exports "by relieving them of their burdens"? *Liberal answer.*—It is a vicious principle either to let one man earn money in his business and then take it away from him, and subsidize another man to sell at a loss to foreigners; or alternatively to so plan your taxation as to encourage the same manufacturer to sell dear at home in order to sell cheap abroad. Further, it is certain that any tax to raise a substantial sum (let alone the £70 millions of which Mr. Simon spoke) will raise the price of incidental costs in manufacture (as dear motors do), and hit exports by so doing.

E. D. S.'s question.—(3) Will not such a tax (including food tax) lower real wages in the easiest way possible and so strengthen us for world competition? *Liberal answer.*—It will lower real wages by approximately double the amount that goes to the Exchequer. By so doing it would reduce the purchasing power of the masses anything around £140,000,000. This would impoverish the home market, put many mills on slacker time, and so (for what truth there is in the mass-production talk which is much exaggerated) raise production costs again. Incidentally, as Liberals, we have no zeal for crafty methods of lowering wages under pretence of doing something else.

E. D. S.'s question.—(4) When I buy a foreign article, such as a motor-car, which is £300 cheaper than a car of equal merit made in England do I not reduce employment in England? *Liberal answer.*—Unless you happen by strange coincidence to sell foreign stocks to pay for the car you will pay in English money. This will either be used to buy a corresponding export or invested in England. In the latter case the money will not be buried, but used in some wage-paying employment in England. No evidence to show that we are selling foreign and colonial stocks to pay for imports is in existence—but our exports tell us we are still investing heavily abroad. Further, the £300 saved is an increase in spending power.

E. D. S.'s question.—(5) If you turn this down, what are we Liberals to say about recovering our export trade? *Liberal answer.*—We have got to tell our people that we must keep our products at the best world level of combined cheapness and excellence or take the consequences; all other procedure is a putting off of the evil reckoning at compound interest. Any protection that will save us from the results of silly trade-union rules—of bad relations be-

tween workmen and employers—of bad land laws—of poor education—of any and every social evil or failure is a wrong done to posterity and a complete lapse from the Liberal spirit. And when the distinguished and much respected Member for Withington made such a suggestion, and made it so frivolously, he undid much of the good work that has won for him from us all our unfailing regard.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

THE LOST GENERATION

SIR,—In the interesting article by Major Nathan in your issue of August 2nd under the above title has not one important fact been overlooked? He recognizes one fact in his opening sentence, "Fourteen years ago nearly a whole generation perished." The remainder of the article is a strong plea for the advancement to prominent positions in politics, in business, in journalism, in literature, in law, of the surviving remnant of the war generation. He says, "Those left of the war generation are not being used." Why? His reply is: "The same old men through ten years of peace have consciously or unconsciously continued to shut us out of power and the opportunities of public usefulness." "Men who ought to be directors of companies are still virtually licking stamps and running errands." "Men who ought to be reorganizing our industries and pushing our sales, are still in the undistinguished positions they gratefully accepted in 1919," &c., &c. The idea underlying his argument seems to be that there is a kind of conspiracy, conscious or unconscious, among the old men in business, in politics, in literature, in journalism, in the Law Courts, to keep the next generation out of power. Is this really the fact?

Take business. Business men are realists, not idealists, as politicians are, or say they are. Suitors in the Law Courts are realists too. There is no idealism in legal proceedings. Why do the men in the thirties and forties not shine in these walks of life as Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Sir John Simon and Lord Birkenhead shone when they were in the thirties and forties? No conspiracy, conscious or unconscious, prevents them so shining. The same is true of literature.

To me it seems the explanation lies far deeper than that.

Mr. Selfridge, Sir John Simon, Lord Birkenhead owed nothing to their seniors stepping down and making way for them. They owed their early and rapid advancement to themselves and to themselves alone. They started in life with no advantages of birth or rank or influence. The same is true of most of their contemporaries who made a mark in any walk of life—of Lord Oxford, of Mr. Lloyd George, of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of Mr. Baldwin, of Lord Northcliffe, of Lord Beaverbrook, of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of Sir William Watson, of Mr. G. B. Shaw, of Mr. H. G. Wells. They were not born with golden, or even silver, spoons in their mouths. They attained their positions by their own ability, industry, force of character, good or bad, according as one views them. But they are the architects of their own fortunes and owe nothing to the gracious or graceful withdrawal of older men in their favour. Simply, it did not occur.

Why, then, is the generation of men between thirty and fifty now so little prominent? Major Nathan recognizes part of the answer in his acknowledgment that the flower of that generation fell on the field of honour. What of the survivors? Did they come back unchanged? I fear not. Four years of rigid discipline and obedience to orders—an absolute necessity in war—has left most of those men who were at the malleable age without initiative or power of taking responsibility. They can work under others and obey orders and do that well. They are excellent henchmen, but they cannot lead. It is a terrible, but, I fear, an inevitable, consequence of the destructiveness of war. More terrible in some ways than the fate of blindness that has fallen on some, or of shell-shock which has ruined others. There are exceptions, of course; as there are to every such general statement as I have made. Every one of us could quote a few within the circle of our own acquaintance. But

I fear that for young men of the enterprise and initiative and power of those to whom Major Nathan refers we must wait for the younger generation. Already they are knocking at the gates. Boys fresh from our primary schools at the age of fourteen display more initiative and self-reliance than many educated men in the thirties and forties. Our young University men in the twenties will be worthy rivals of the greatest men who have gone before. But the remnant of "The Lost Generation" will never, it is to be feared, with a few brilliant exceptions, fill the greatest positions of responsibility and power in business, or in law, or in literature, or in politics in this country. One says it with great sadness, for it is their misfortune, not their fault. In this country at any rate, with a few marked exceptions, the responsible work of the world requiring initiative is being done by men over fifty or under thirty. If men between those ages have any initiative or great force of character, they are making, or will make, their mark as similar predecessors did. There is no conspiracy, conscious or unconscious, to keep them out. Their fate is in their own hands.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. CROOK.
6, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, N.W.
August 7th, 1930.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD

SIR,—The question of rights and wrongs in East Africa is of such vital importance to all of us in England that I crave your courtesy for the following fact—illuminating a point not often grasped at home as I know from experience when lecturing on the subject.

In Northern Rhodesia (one of the East African Dependencies) lies a valley—the Kaleya Valley—which is considered by some to be the most fertile valley in the whole of Southern Africa. Every acre of it—for some distance on either side—is owned, and most of these acres are tilled, by Europeans. Is this a case of Naboth's vineyard? It looks like it, does it not?

Yet what are the facts? There are proofs that not an acre of this fertile valley was ever occupied by natives of Africa. The Kaleya is not a perennial stream: there is no surface water; and it is only by European occupation, by sinking of boreholes, and erection of windmills that this wonderful valley has been made to produce not two blades of grass where one grew before, but tons of maize, &c., where nothing ever grew before.

This is not a solitary example, but it is one of which I have personal knowledge, and as a life-long friend both of my own race and of the African native I wish to place it on record.—Yours, &c.,

F. H. MELLAND,
formerly Magistrate, Mazabuka (Kaleya Valley), F.R.A.I., &c.
The Hill, Caterham Valley, Surrey.
August 8th, 1930.

THE ELGIN TRADITION

SIR,—An evening newspaper informs me that by way of "backing" the film "The W Plan" now being shown at the Empire Theatre an exhibition of war relics "owned by the author" is to be seen there. These are said to include "a dragon and a gargoyle from the Cloth Hall at Ypres." Anyone who has seen the modern Ypres and been made aware of the attempt to replace every stone that could be set again in its appropriate position—even to the shattered sculpture over the doorways of the cathedral, must be aware how highly prized such relics would be in the place from which they were rescued, for rescued I have no doubt they were, like Lord Elgin's marbles, from more complete destruction.

I feel sure that their "owner" will be better pleased to see them again where they belong than in his private collection or in the foyers of Leicester Square.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. S. B.

MISS AMY JOHNSON

SIR.—As one of Miss Amy Johnson's fellow members of the London Aeroplane Club and one of her warmest admirers, may I say how extremely glad I am to read the severe strictures on her exploitation by the DAILY MAIL in the issue of THE NATION dated to-morrow (so fast do we move nowadays!).

In these days Miss Johnson cannot be expected to escape the whirlpool of advertising vulgarity in which she has found herself engulfed since her plucky effort, but those who appreciate the spirit in which that effort was made feel quite sure that she never looked forward to anything of the kind, and offer her our condolences on the readiness of the popular Press to tarnish her sportsmanship.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR E. E. READE.

The Royal Automobile Club, London, S.W.1.

August 8th, 1930.

CIVIL SERVICE BONUSES

SIR.—May I thank you for your kindly paragraph on the subject of Civil Service Bonuses and the cost-of-living index by which it is governed?

May I mention, for the information of your readers, that the objections felt by the Civil Service to any reduction in the cost-of-living figure below 70 is due to the fact that the Civil Service Bonus is based on the Agreement of 1920, which is now out of date? This Agreement is inadequate; only those with pre-War rate 35s. per week get 70 per cent., and the remainder only receive—for pre-War 35s. to £4 per week—32 per cent., for pre-War £200 per annum to £500 per annum, 24 per cent., and so on.

As regards the recognition of need for review, a Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir Robert Horne) imposed a super-cut in July, 1921, which now means 9 per cent. reduction at £1,000 and 15 per cent. reduction at £1,500. The present Chancellor maintained the Bonus at 70 a year ago when the Ministry of Labour figures indicated 65, he agreeing that the 1920 Bonus system is inappropriate and obsolescent. The Civil Service Staffs, through the Whitley Council, in September, 1928, proposed the revision of Bonus arrangements to take account of the changed conditions. No agreement was reached with the Government of that day.

The Royal Commission on the Civil Service was set up by the present Government to inquire into this matter and other principles of remuneration. The Cabinet refused to remove the super-cut meantime, or to review wages and salaries in the Civil Service pending the report of the Royal Commission. The Staffs have submitted detailed proposals to the Royal Commission for the comprehensive modernization of the principle of remuneration and the consolidation of Bonus in basic pay.

Meantime, the matter should be regarded as *sub judice*, and no change allowed on the bonus pending the report of the Royal Commission.

The proposed reduction of the Bonus prejudices the unsettled claims, and the Staffs have no means of effective protest or of prosecuting wage increase claims pending the Report of the Royal Commission.—Yours, &c.,

Civil Service Confederation, CHARLES WATNEY.
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

August 7th, 1930.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL

SIR.—In reply to Mr. Garrett and "One of the Unorthodox," I desire to say that I know nothing at all about the subject. I am content to worry along and pick up what scraps of help I can and leave those who know all about it in the happy possession of their omniscience. Mr. Garrett supposes that I consider "that the dialogue from 'The Magic Flute' elicits the whole secret of true religion." I consider nothing so preposterous, but I find it helpful and consistent with the teaching of Jesus in some moods though not in others. All this is "wifly-washy and namby-pamby" compared with the vigorous and rigorous assertions of those who know all about it. I know a little about human life on this planet, and I know nothing at all about life after death. I can understand "The Kingdom of God

is within you," and the alternative seems to me so terrible as to deserve the metaphorical name of "Hell."—Yours, &c.,
C. W.

SIR.—Dr. Coulton, of St. John's, has broached considerable patristic resources in order to disinter the pronouncements of the Church in the region not of pious but of impious opinion. One is at a loss to determine to what ends of wisdom or charity such investigations tend. That any of the Fathers should have openly contemplated the distress of the damned as a spectacle of felicity to the blest is a skeleton in the cupboard of Christian thought and feeling which the loyal would fain conceal. The Church has already only too much reason for remorse for a past darkened by intolerance and persecution, when the "old Adam" reasserted itself at the instance of *odium theologicum*; it seems merciless to revive the more recondite passages of chapters that dishonour her history. For no matter how great the names Dr. Coulton may quote, it goes without saying that if sentiments of exultation over the posthumous fate of the unfaithful consist with a Christologic creed, they are totally at variance with a Christianity of the true Christ-brand.

Perhaps, after all, Dr. Coulton has done the world of religious speculation some service by his eccentric researches. That the preaching of Retribution in the old figures not only injures the relations between God and Man, but fosters in the preacher a temper of vindictiveness, cowardly trampling upon the defeated, and Pharisaic self-righteousness is the very conclusion that Modernists are anxious to enforce. The sentiment, by the way, of "Unorthodox" that if eternal torture were a proof of divine justice "we ought to rejoice," contains an unconsciously grim humour: it strikes the old transcendental note, perhaps, with fidelity; but modern people are determined that Mercy and not mere Justice shall be the leading attribute of the God they worship.

The remarks of "Viator" are on the whole sensible enough; but I cannot agree with him that "the doctrine of hell must necessarily enter into religious teaching." A minatory theology of necessity betrays the ends of a pure religion by barring the door to a generous and unselfish emotion. Of course, the usual answer will be made that "hell" is scriptural. But the wily Church of yore has embodied much in its formularies to suit her purpose which a more diffident candour and reverence would have left in its rhetorical setting. A faithful and tactful apostle would enforce the ideas of Judgment and the inviolable character of the divine will; but would maintain a masterly reserve upon the nature of Retribution: few now answer not to this desirable standard.—Yours, &c.,

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

SIR.—Is there not sound Biblical authority for St. Thomas's statement regarding the enjoyment by saints of their beatitude in a contemplation of burning sinners?—"I also will laugh at your calamity" (Proverbs i., 26). Indeed, the doctrine of retribution seems to have been the keystone of early Christianity. St. Cyril hit the nail on the head when he said that the object of immortality is that sinners may burn.

The doctrine of Hell has served a most useful purpose in frightening men and women into "virtue." Now it has become a joke; and there is nothing to take its place. Not that it has not still many champions of the old sort; I believe that E. S. P. Haynes cites a modern Christian divine who equips the souls of the wicked with an asbestos covering, so that they may suffer slowly and not perish painlessly in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

Those of your readers who are interested in the social conditions which prevail in Hell will find a good account in Delepierre's "L'enfer décrit par ceux qui l'ont vu"; and in my own work entitled "This Human Nature" (now in the press) I have given an outline of the history of Hell and its influence upon human nature which, with more elaboration of detail, reaches almost the same conclusions as those of your original correspondent.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES DUFF.

Violet Cottage, Sea-Palling, Norfolk.
July 30th, 1930.

ITALIAN FOREIGN POLICY

SIR.—In the review of my book "The Expansion of Italy," published in your issue of August 9th, the reviewer sees a contradiction between my defence of Italy's policy in her new territories and my criticism of the methods of the old Habsburg Empire and of the modern Yugoslav State. I maintain that there is no such contradiction. Austria-Hungary was not in any sense a united national State, and could not possibly hope to unify the languages and racial feelings of its hotch-potch dominions, but it persecuted the Italians in the Trentino, encouraged the Slavs in the Venezia Giulia, and egged them on against the Italians there, while oppressing other Slavs in other provinces, its purpose being merely to balance one form of discontent against another. Italy, on the contrary, is a national State, in which the non-Italians are small minorities, and it is natural that she wish all her citizens to speak Italian and become Italians.

Nor can anyone who is informed of the facts compare Italy's policy of extending the use of the Italian language in the Trentino and the Venezia Giulia with the Balkan methods of massacre, outrage, and wholesale confiscation employed by some of the lesser Austria-Hungaries created since the war.

With regard to my alleged "unconscious incomprehension of all that the League of Nations means," I think that after three years on the staff of the League Secretariat and after carefully following with sympathy the work of the League in subsequent years, I have acquired a fairly accurate notion of the possibilities and limitations of that organization. To talk about "the possibility even in 1930 of the complete isolation of a great European Power from contact with the whole trend of contemporary thought," is, if you will allow me to say so, something akin to "eye-wash." Italy has played as active and useful a part in the work of the League as any other Power. She has indeed concluded more treaties of arbitration and friendship since the war, in conformity with the recommendations of the League Assembly, than any other, and her treaty with Switzerland is indeed generally admitted to be a model of its kind. What Italy has not done has been to camouflage a *Realpolitik* of the most orthodox Prussian type, as certain other Powers have done, behind a smoke-screen of high-sounding humanitarian sentiments.

As to the well-being and development of the native races Italy has cared for her native subjects at least as well as those of any other Power, mandatory or otherwise.

Your reviewer compares Italy's position with that of the player whose "opportunities to take part in the game of international grab came just at the moment when the others had changed the rules." But she forgets to add that the rules were changed, if they were really changed at all (a fact which many recent events make us at least doubt), when the others had grabbed all that they could get and more than they could digest.—Yours, &c.,

LUIGI VILLARI.

1, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.
August 11th, 1930.

DISTRESS IN SOUTH SHIELDS

SIR.—May we ask the help of your readers in relieving some of the present distress in South Shields?

In the last eight years the number of our unemployed has never fallen below 7,000. To-day it is over 10,000, and is increasing. Unemployment Benefit and Poor Law Relief have not proved enough to secure adequate clothing for our people. A local committee of the Society of Friends has helped over 1,500 families in the last two years, but their supplies are almost at an end.

We are trying to help ourselves, but if the needs of our people are to be met this winter, we must have help from outside. We will be grateful to your readers for whatever clothing they can spare. It should be sent direct to the Friends' Hall, Wellington Terrace, South Shields.—Yours, &c.,

T. T. ANDERSON, Jnr.

South Shields Council of Social Service.
12, Logan Terrace, South Shields.
August 10th, 1930.

OLD NICK

MACHIAVELLI is one of the great frauds of history. For this he is not in any way to blame himself. "He never considered himself a great man," writes Professor Ferrara in his delightful essay on Machiavelli's private correspondence.* His enormous reputation has been made for him by others, by the Church which proscribed him, by the poets who made him a symbol, by historians and moralists who have found him a useful peg, by nationalists who have wilfully misinterpreted his message. To Mr. Herbert Vaughan† he is still "a man whose teaching and example continue with no lack of force, perhaps even with increasing force, centuries after his little life had spent its mortal day." And the last sentence in Signor Janni's monograph‡ is, "In this desirable country, governed by the Roman principles of Niccolò Machiavelli, life is an honourable duty."

Such judgments would have astonished the Florentine secretary who spent but little time reflecting on eternity for himself or for anyone else. The outline of his life can be easily learnt. He was born in the hey-day of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in 1469, but we know absolutely nothing about the first twenty-nine years of his life. In 1498, on the death of Savanarola, he received a minor diplomatic post under the Florentine Republic, in whose service he continued till the Republic's fall. He was sent on various diplomatic missions, rarely in anything but a subordinate position, to France, Germany, Rome, the Camp of Cæsar Borgia, and many Italian cities. On every occasion he protested against the discomforts of foreign travel, and begged to be recalled. On every occasion he was unsuccessful in the mission which he had had to undertake. He was completely indifferent to the best side of the Italian Renaissance, being utterly blind to the visual arts. He was a hard-working, energetic, but at the same time rather bored, minor official, and so he continued till the return of the Medici, when he was arrested, tortured, and finally released on parole. He was soon complaining of his lack of employment.

One of his letters, to his friend Vettori, picturing his life in retirement, has justly remained famous:—

"I rise with the sun in the morning, and go into one of my woods, which is being cleared, and I remain for a couple of hours, inspecting yesterday's work and spending some time with the wood-cutters, who have always some trouble to tell me, either of their own or of their neighbours. On leaving the wood I go to a spring and thence to an aviary, which is my own. I have a book under my arm, Dante, Petrarch, or one of the minor poets, such as Tibullus, Ovid, &c. I read their amorous transports and the history of their loves, at the same time recalling my own. Then I betake myself to the inn by the roadside, chat with passers-by, ask news of the places from whence they come, hear various things, and note the different tastes and the diverse fancies of mankind. This carries me to the dinner hour, when in company with my family I swallow whatever fare this poor little place of mine and my slender patrimony afford. Dinner over, I go back to the inn. There I generally find the host, a butcher, a miller, and a couple of bricklayers. I mix with these boors the whole day, playing cards and dice."

Machiavelli, in his correspondence, further reveals himself as a kind, if unfaithful, husband, a devoted father, a loyal and jolly friend. His retirement was perfect for one who wished to devote the second part of his life to a masterpiece of political philosophy in the manner of *L'Esprit des Lois*.

* "The Private Correspondence of Nicolo Machiavelli." (Oxford University Press, 1929.)

† "Studies in the Italian Renaissance." By Herbert M. Vaughan. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

‡ "Machiavelli." By Ettore Janni. Translated by Marion Enthoven. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.)

But unfortunately Machiavelli had no desire whatever thus to occupy his ample leisure. He merely wanted a job. And in order to get a job he had to bury his Republican past and make up to the Medici. With this object in view he drew up a private memorandum, an "opuscule" he calls it, on Italian politics. It is known as "The Prince."^{*} Far from being an abstract treatise on government, it is, like everything else Machiavelli wrote on politics, purely practical and hard-headed.

M. Vignal, whose book on Machiavelli[†] is a masterpiece of coolness and common sense, has put the whole matter as succinctly as possible:—

"To understand the origins of the 'Prince' we must refer to the political conditions of the year 1513. The erroneous judgments that have been passed on Machiavelli and his work are due to the fact that this has been neglected. . . . We have seen that in 1513 Leo X. was master of Florence and Rome. Thus he exercised authority over two of the five great Italian States, a circumstance which had never as yet occurred. The Pope, as enthusiastic and full of ambition as his predecessors, intended, on ascending the Papal chair, to make a magnificent establishment for his brother Giuliano and his nephew Lorenzo.

"As early as July, 1513, Vettori writes from Rome to Machiavelli that the Pope is 'quite set on giving States to Giuliano and Lorenzo.' No doubt Piacenza and Parma were already intended for Giuliano. This important piece of news decides Machiavelli to write the 'Prince.' No Italian prince had ever had before him such a fine future as Giuliano, who, having at his disposition the immense revenues of the Church, and being all-powerful at Florence, is, further, about to become a sovereign prince in Emilia; while a further aggrandisement of his estates can be envisaged by the annexing of Modena and Reggio, which will be taken from Alfonso d'Este. With skill Giuliano will become master of a vast State, extending from the frontiers of Venice and Lombardy to the gates of Rome, a grandiose enterprise already attempted by Giovanni Galeas Visconti and by Ladislaus of Naples in the preceding century and by Caesar Borgia at the beginning of this one. Giuliano had no great intelligence and no political experience. Machiavelli intends to aid him in his task and to gain irrefutable claims to his gratitude.

"Such is the starting-point for the 'Prince,' the only reason which induces Machiavelli to write it."

The authorities were not interested, and put the "Prince" on the file.

But Machiavelli, pen tightly in hand, was not to be so lightly put off. The "Prince" was rapidly followed by another much longer and far more tiresome circular known as "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy." The "Prince" was roughly devoted to describing how to get possession of a Government, the "Discourses" to explaining by intolerably diffuse analogies from Rome, Greece, and Israel, how to keep your power once you have got it. A third discourse "The Art of War," which the author probably considered the most important of all his works, was intended to show how you will hold your own against your neighbours, who will inevitably loathe and detest you for having put into practice the maxims contained in the "Prince" and the "Discourses." In this pamphlet Machiavelli expands his arguments for replacing the old condottiere system of recruiting with a national militia, the dearest of all his political foibles, and also exposes the uselessness of artillery, a view he adopted in a great degree owing to the fact that the Romans had won so many victories without it.

The Pope never intended to pay much attention to Machiavelli. But he was eventually melted by so much good will. Machiavelli was once more given minor diplomatic appointments and allowed to potter about with his militia, which was, in theory, no doubt an excellent

scheme, but the worst possible one under the particular circumstances. A really good army, mustered on the old system for Giovanni delle Bande Nere, would have been far more use in 1527 than Machiavelli's preposterous militia.

Unkindest cut of all, Machiavelli was commissioned to write a history of Florence to the greater glory of the family to whom his whole political life had been opposed. He must have pulled a wry face as he sat down to sign his apostasy. Still, he was nothing if not busy, and one of the dullest books on record is the result, illuminated as it is by but few of those political maxims which are scattered so plentifully about his political writings. His amusing if inaccurate description of the Battle of Anghiari has, however, remained a classic:—

"The victory was of great consequence to the Florentines, though not very prejudicial to the Duke of Milan's affairs, for if they had lost the day all Tuscany must have fallen into his hands. But as his forces were routed, he lost nothing but their arms and horses, a damage that could be repaired at no considerable expense. Indeed, it never happened that wars were ever made with less danger and slaughter on the side of the invader than in these times: for in a battle that lasted four hours and ended in so total an overthrow there was but one man killed, and he, too, not by the edge of the sword, or in any honourable attempt, but by a fall from his horse to the ground, where he was trampled to death in the rout. With so much security did they make war in those days! For most of the soldiers, being mounted on horseback and covered with armour, had but little occasion to fear death in any engagement: and if they were defeated and surrounded they commonly had their lives spared.

"This battle and what immediately happened after it may serve to show the weak and pitiful manner in which men made war in those days. For as soon as Piccinino was routed and had fled to San Sepolcro, the Commissaries, to make their victory complete, intended to have pursued him and shut him up there: but there was not so much as one of their officers, not even a private soldier, that would follow them till they had laid up their plunder in some place of security and got cured of the wounds they pretended to have received. And, what was still more remarkable and audacious, they went off the next day openly and in a body to Arezzo from whence, after they had secured their booty, they returned to Anghiari, a manner of proceeding so contrary to all military rule and order that the smallest remnant of a well-disciplined army would easily and deservedly have recovered a victory out of their hands, which they so little merited. Nay, they presently released all the gens d'armes, or heavy horse, they had taken prisoners, in spite of the commissioners, who would have had them detained in order to deprive Piccinini of their service. Certainly it must seem astonishing that such an army could ever gain a victory, and still more so that another such should be found vile enough to be beaten by so contemptible an enemy."

Still, it was probably in these crepuscular hours of Italian liberty that Machiavelli, despite the discomfort of having to puff the Medici, enjoyed himself most. His literary ambitions had always been deeply rooted and never gratified. He now emerges in a new rôle as a provider of comedies for the amusement of Pope Leo X. The middle-aged, disillusioned diplomatist kept *ennui* from the door by producing risky little farces and by indulging in dangerous flirtations with the leading actresses. There is something charming in the idea and something very charming in the farces, too.

"Mandragora," which he had written in 1504, makes like "The Prince" no great claim to immortality, and yet has attained it. A delightful sketch of manners, of shamly chaste wives, of fussy, senile husbands, of young rastas that have been to Paris, and of corrupt confessors, it is as amusing to-day as when it was first written. The exordium has all the ease and good nature of a comedy by Molière:—

* "The Prince." Reprinted from the translation by Edward Dacres, published in 1640. (De la More Press. £1 1s.)

[†] "Machiavel." By L. Gauthier Vignal. (Payot. 25 francs.)

CALLIMACHO: Stop, Siro, I have something to tell you.

SIRO: At your service, sir.

CALLIMACHO: I'll swear that you were much surprised by my sudden departure from Paris and that you are now surprised by my having been here a month and done nothing whatever.

SIRO: You are right, sir.

CALLIMACHO: . . . Now that I need your assistance I am going to tell you everything.

SIRO: I am your servant . . . When masters think fit to confide in their servants, we should serve them faithfully. I always have and always shall.

CALLIMACHO: I know. I think you have heard me say a thousand times (and there is no harm in hearing it for the thousand and first) that when I was scarcely ten and had lost both my parents I was sent by my guardians to Paris, where I remained twenty years. I had only been there ten years when the passage of King Charles into Italy was the prelude to the wars which have ruined this country. It was then I resolved to fix myself at Paris and never see my fatherland again, hoping to live more peacefully there than here.

SIRO: That is certainly what you have already told me.

CALLIMACHO: Having given orders for the sale of all my property here, except my house, I decided to remain in France, where I spent ten years as happily as possible.

SIRO: I know that.

CALLIMACHO: I divided my time into three parts—study, pleasure, and business. That worked perfectly. I so arranged matters that no one of these three things got in the way of the other two. Thus I lived, as you know well, perfectly contentedly, helpful to everyone, careful never to hurt anybody's feelings, and I may boast, the friend of all men, of the citizen and the nobleman, the stranger and the native, the rich and the poor.

SIRO: 'Tis very truth.

And so from this farcical beginning the play moves without a jolt or a dull patch to the crowning bedroom scene.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

(To be concluded.)

RAILWAY MUSIC

OF the several pieces of music inspired by railways, I suppose that Honegger's "Pacific 231" is by far the best known, and yet it is the last piece that anyone would think of humming to himself either in transit or while waiting on a station platform. There is no getting away from the curious connection between railways and music; a composer who dislikes locomotives is no more to be trusted than a sculptor who dislikes fat women. Honegger is by no means the first composer to attempt to convey the fascination or even the purely external bustle of railway travel in terms of music. Charles Alkan's Etude Transcendental "Chemin de Fer," and the "Perpetuum Mobile" by Johann Strauss (or possibly by the brother who wrote the "Electro-magnetic Polka") are only two out of a whole group of pieces that testify to the glamour that railways have for the average musician.

Although Honegger's piece is the most elaborately realistic of the series, for that very reason it fails to capture the "lyricism" which the composer rightly attributes to an express train.

In spite of his rather ingenuous disclaimer, Honegger has, in fact, supplied us with a skilful series of onomatopoeics, and very little else besides. The mechanical noises obtrude to such an extent that the nostalgia of the train-journey is altogether lost in a study of escaping steam and jolting points.

"Pacific 231" is not the only composition that has failed through too great external realism. The objection to realism in music is not that it makes things too easy for the listener, but that it makes them too difficult. Instead of receiving an immediate physical impression he receives

a vaguely visual one which has to be related back to early associations and personal experience before it produces the emotional reaction which the music should have evoked directly. It is the business of the composer, not of the listener, to do the digesting.

Let the composer, by all means, derive inspiration from trains, aeroplanes, moving-staircases, penny-in-the-slot machines, pneumatic drills, mechanical pianos, and other triumphs of mind over matter, but let the sources of inspiration be so absorbed and transformed that the final result produces a directly physical reaction.

Debussy was occasionally guilty of the more obvious forms of musical realism, but in the orchestral nocturne "Fêtes" he produced, by purely musical means, a far greater impression of speed and gaiety than any imitation of steam-organs and mechanical noises could suggest.

In the same way the best piece of music inspired by a railway is not a realistic study, but the first movement of a symphony—No. 8 (The Pathetic) by Tchaikowsky—which, the composer informed his brother, was written on the train to the accompaniment of tears. The second subject of this movement conveys perfectly the melancholy resignation to one's fate tinged with a certain uneasy foreboding that is the dominant emotion of a really long railway journey, and is a tune that I should always sing on such occasions were it not "expressemment défendu de chanter ou de faire de la musique dans les wagons-restaurants."

Honegger's other well-known realistic study "Rugby" is less externally imitative in its means than "Pacific 231," and consequently more successful as music (after the excesses of "Pacific 231" one had almost expected a whistle to be blown half-way through while slices of lemon were handed round to the orchestra).

These two works though, taken with M. Honegger's interviews with the Press, suggest that the paraphernalia and external speed of modern life are beginning to become, with him, as with so many contemporary artists, a dangerous obsession. It is interesting to read of the journalist who called on Honegger to discuss his latest oratorio and who was suddenly whisked into a sports-car and driven at breakneck speed through the suburbs of Paris while the composer dilated on stream-lining and super-charging. This type of joy-ride has taken the place in artistic life of nautical songs to the accompaniment of the guitar, so the journalist had no cause for complaint. Broad black hats, striking neck-wear, and a taste for extempore song, are now chiefly associated with doctors and retired colonels, while if we see a begoggled, leather-coated and plus-foured figure starting noisily off (*démarrage formidable*) in an excessively rakish racing-model we may be sure that the driver is really more at home in the Rue de la Boétie than at Brooklands. The old conception of the artist drawn from mingled recollections of "Louise" and "La Bohème" has certainly disappeared, but are we certain that the new conception is not equally a picturesque legend woven by the artists around themselves? Is the mechanical-picturesque so great an improvement on the romantic-picturesque?

The new mechanical romanticism is found not so much in music as in stage and interior decoration. How well we know the reading-lamps like X-ray apparatus, the wall-cupboards like strong-boxes, the cocktail-bars like operating theatres. A typical example of the mechanical-picturesque was the scenery of the Russian Ballet "The Cat," where the stage was cluttered up with a series of obstructions which, apart from looking vaguely hygienic and scientific, merely got in the way of the dancers and were, in fact, far less mechanically and practically justified than the painted canvas of theatrical tradition.

The vogue for the mechanical and "sportif" in decoration and daily life has its counterpart in the number of recent compositions inspired by football matches, Ford cars, and so forth. England has remained comparatively unaffected by this movement, and for once I think the reason is not due to our being out-of-date, or slow in the up-take.

After all, regret it or not, as we will, the Industrial Age is more the direct production of England than of any other country, and it is too late for us to get much artistic stimulus from it. It has, by now, almost a period charm. The word railway may suggest to us *Les grandes lignes européennes*, but it is as likely to recall the death of Huskisson.

Sport, also, is too old a friend to have much glamour, and a composer who has been to an English public school is probably the last to be inspired by such a subject as "Rugby." I am glad, though, to hear of the English composer who is writing a lengthy and severe double-fugue for orchestra entitled "Compulsory Games."

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Devil's Pulpit," Players Theatre.

IT seems to be a very questionable matter whether it is better to suffer from dipso- or religious mania. The reactions of either are apt to be unpleasant in the home, and in the West of Canada are apparently allowed free play, without the restraint which would be forcibly imposed in this country. "The Devil's Pulpit," by Rex Fisher, produced last week at the little Players Theatre in New Compton Street is a crude but perfectly consistent study of a farmer who, rejecting drink for love, fell afterwards into a lunacy even more severe. Such cases are not uncommon. Dipsomania is as hopeless of cure as any other deep-seated mental disease, and the removal of alcohol does not in fact heal the defective brain. The reformed "Joel Croft" of this play was as likely as not to become religious mad, to inflict cruelties on his wife in the name of exorcism, to test the efficacy of prayer at the cost of his son's life, and finally of his own. It will be seen at least that the author is handling a theme to which no exception can be taken on the grounds of probability or fitness for dramatic treatment. The play fails because it is a master's theme—and gallant as this attempt is, the author is not equal to the task. Yet in its most lurid passages it never becomes banal or embarrassing, for which relief we owe much to the actors. Mr. Ian Graeme-Douglas, acting in a tradition of which we thought Mr. Russell Thorndike was the last surviving exponent, suggests madness more perhaps when he is still than when he is raving. He has an admirable partner in Miss Nan Marriot Watson, who is at her best in the last act when she has caught the infection of his insanity. There is more than a hint of future successes in Miss Maureen O'Moor's endearing performance as an Irish servant-girl. It would be interesting to see this play in a larger theatre.

"The Blue Angel," at the Regal.

A new film "featuring" Emil Jannings must necessarily arouse interest, for this likeable German can always be depended upon for a performance of delicacy and humour. He is as well known to English film-goers for his studies of baffled and innocent old age as our own Mr. Hodges is, in much the same line, a favourite of the London theatre. He is always a pleasure to watch, but in "The Blue Angel," at the Regal Theatre, this enjoyment is diminished by the cruelty of the theme. "The Blue Angel" is the name of a squalid and disreputable cabaret in the town where Immanuel Rath is a highly respected Professor. He learns that his pupils are in the habit of frequenting the place, and curiosity leads him there. There follows the sordid story of his downfall under the influence of the leading vampire, until he is forced to earn

his bread by appearing as a besotted clown to be howled down and jeered at by his former pupils. So broadly are these scenes depicted that one has an uncomfortable suspicion that they are meant to be funny—whereas they are merely revolting. As in most German films the photography is on a very high level. A curiously effective result is obtained through the mixture of English and German in which the words are spoken—Fraulein Dietrich (the seducer) has an excellent command of English. Herr Jannings with his slow guttural intonation does well enough—and the confused babel of the minor characters in a foreign tongue really enhances the theatrical value of the film. One wonders whether this half-and-half method of translation would not sometimes be an interesting experiment on the stage itself.

"Sons of Guns," at the Hippodrome.

So much cheerful music, so much energetic dancing, so much feminine elegance both before and behind the footlights, the rapturous applause of every line and every dance step, the comic antics of Mr. Bobby Howes, the Parisian integrity of Mlle. Mireille Perrey—how could such a medley of delight leave any critic cold and a little uncomfortable? I fear that is the critic's fault, in that he was not born an American who can think of the late war as a subject for musical comedy. An Englishman's musical comedy war is still best fought in the laundry of Sans Gêne or in its native Ruritania. Such châteaux or estaminets where the American troops found their charmers were unknown to any but our late allies. For the most of us we saw only those gallant old witches who sold us eggs and washed our clothes, impervious to bombs or shell fire, whom nobody has yet troubled to immortalize. A male chorus, apeing the precision of the parade ground, must be a repellent sight to any soldier, but he would like tremendously the inane superiority of Mr. Peter Haddon, the capers of Miss Rosie Moran, the foolishness of Miss Muriel Angelus, and some of the dresses in the last scene.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, August 16th.—

Fifth Test Match, at the Oval.
Wargrave and Shiplake Regatta.

Tuesday, August 19th.—

"Dance With No Music," by R. Ackland, Q Theatre.

Wednesday, August 20th.—

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at Malvern.

OMICRON.

NEW BORN

ALL need and no power,
A bud closed in sleep,
That winks the hid flower,
At the world to peep.

"Nearest kin to my food,
Of one blood with my bed,
All that is seems so good
As could never be said.

"I am I, what thou art
O mother, my world—
Conceives not the heart
Round which I am curled.

"Yet soft is this cheek,
Rich too this breast,
To find them so meek
Sets all question at rest."

No need is all power,
O bud furled in sleep,
Whence bliss like blue flower
At the world can peep.

T. STURGE MOORE.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

WHERE THINGS ARE

RESEARCH has been one of the main features of a period which had hopes of being remembered for its originality—I speak of literary subjects only. Extraordinary performances of studious completeness have been accomplished on both sides of the Atlantic. Books like Livingston Lowes's "Road to Xanadu" and Collier Abbott's "George Darley" are worth examination, apart from their other merits, as a kind of heroic poetry of scholarship, broad in their view of the fields to be won, intense in their local aptitudes. I will not say that our recent productions in this kind eclipse the masterpieces of the previous period—you do not easily outwit Buxton Forman in assembling what relates to Keats, or Birkbeck Hill in Johnsoniana, or Thomas Hutchinson in editing Wordsworth (we have certainly edited Wordsworth's French Daughter). Mr. E. V. Lucas still sits in Essex Street, secure in his command of Charles Lamb and all the rare information that the editorship required. Still, we continue to be tidy and thoughtful workmen.

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One of the great troubles is, the number of workshops to which admission must be somehow obtained. Geographically, the literary student is to be pitied, unless the rigour of the game is reckoned a great pleasure. To get at books beyond an ocean is hard enough, and nowadays the multitude of collections increases the trouble immeasurably—as also the methods of some collectors. I would not brand collectors as a race of godless wretches; I have received, and witnessed, their generosity; besides, I am one myself—a little nautilus among the liners. But, if you wanted to edit, and had privilege to edit, the letters of some eminent modern, and found that most of them had been stuck irrelevantly into separate volumes "since dispersed," you would protest to every inky god.

* * *

To know where things are is a true virtue. Even generals sometimes fail in that. One often hoped they would; but, to speak of ordinary affairs, the thing is to be able "to lay my hand on" what is wanted without turning on the light. In the campaigns of literary enthusiasts, there are still available charts and field service pocket-books. To those who are about to investigate the influence of Adam Smith on Verlaine, or the postmarks on Gladstone's letters, I would say, of course, Go fishing; but if it were inevitable, or if, instead, some project of happier augury were indicated, I would say, Consult Dr. Baker's volume on "The Uses of Libraries." A new edition, revised and enlarged, is ready (University of London Press, 10s. 6d.). Dr. Ernest A. Baker is the editor, and contributes three of the articles; the others are by "all the talents" in British librarianship.

* * *

The list of contents may be the best way of describing the opportunity. Dr. Baker writes an introductory paper, "On the Way to Use a Library," and—temptation even here!—"Light Literature in Public Libraries." Mr. Arundell Esdaile describes "The British Museum—The Collections"; Mr. G. F. Barwick facilitates "The British Museum for Research Purposes." "University Libraries," by Mr. Luxmoore Newcombe, "Scientific and Technical Libraries," by Mr. Allan Gomme, and "The Public Record Office," by Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, widen the view. Mr. Robin Flower tours "Collections of Manuscripts," Mr. G. H. Palmer recommends the "Specialist Library for Art" at South Kensington. Other resources are next suggested; those in London, by Mr. C. R. Sanderson; those outside it, by Mr. Berwick Sayers; those outside Britain, by Professor Ernest C. Richardson. A short list of bibliographical guides and an index round off the book, of which the text is not merely didactic but frequently charming and curious.

It is agreeable even to see what classes of books "are not fully catalogued in the General Catalogue" of the British Museum; e.g.,

"(4) German University Dissertations, which are kept bound in a classification by University, faculty, year, and author's name."

"(6) Books on the manufacture of explosives."

"(10) The publications of the Catholic Truth Society are separately indexed, as being very numerous and mostly very slight pieces."

Reading Mr. Barwick, one falls into a gentle illusion that, after all, the British Museum is enough for anybody's zeal; one forgets the alarming hindrances and gulfs which I spoke of above. The illusion vanishes rapidly as one glances at Mr. Newcombe's concise notices of the unique collections in University libraries; and Professor Richardson on the libraries of the world almost persuades one that research is impossible to mortal man. He observes, "It is hard to realize that one cannot find nearly all books simply by going to the British Museum or the Paris National Library. Panizzi tried to make it so. Americans used to think it was so." However, he does his best: "A majority of the world's books lie within 500 miles of London or 500 miles from New York."

* * *

Mr. Sayers, writing of the British libraries outside London, mentions two types which he cannot include in his chapter—one, the general and special library to be found in "such cities as Birmingham, Bristol, Edinburgh," and so on; the other, "the great private libraries, at Haigh Hall, Chatsworth, Arundel, Abbotsford, &c." It has been my own fate (and not an unenjoyable one) to explore one or two literary matters minutely, and the experience was instructive. Almost by accident, it came out that there was a really valuable collection of manuscripts by the poet I was following, or about him, in the Museum of the Peterborough Natural History Society; and that again led to inquiries, and bountiful results, at Northampton—where, besides what I was specially concerned with, there turned out to be a mass of papers and relics illustrative of nineteenth-century authors. Again, I remember at Plymouth a very considerable collection of pamphlets belonging to Devon and Cornwall; and, at Bury St. Edmunds, there repose the beautiful rarities of the Cullum Library, largely natural history; at the Maidstone Museum, the portraits of the Hazlitt family look out on the ancient gallery.

* * *

The point of these references is that we really lack a sound and familiar handbook of our provincial museums and libraries, and what they actually do contain (I almost wrote "conceal"); a guide which would at once allure the traveller to an antique land and help him to plan his holiday, and also save the student of a special subject the mortification of publishing his masterpiece without hearing of the very foundations of it until too late. This handbook is only part of the battle. I cannot help wondering what exists, for the would-be biographer or editor, in unexpected places through the British Empire; much in print and manuscript has been carried or sent to Australia, Africa, India, Canada by those who were connected with men of genius. Here is a quotation, for instance, from a letter written by Barron Field at Sydney in 1821: "I asked only for the masks, and you have sent me an autograph. When I quit this country, I shall bequeath the manuscript and masks to a little museum we have lately formed here. . . . In a hundred or two years Australasia may be curious to know who these great poets and painters were, and then she shall find in the Sydney Museum an original old letter. . . ." Can she find it? Or the masks, which would be of Keats, and Lamb, and Wordsworth? There should be some means of readily answering such a question.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

ENGLAND PRESERVED

- National Parks and the Heritage of Scenery.** By VAUGHAN CORNISH, D.Sc., F.R.G.S. (Sifton Praed. 5s.)
America's England. By M. V. HUGHES. (Dent. 6s.)
Drink Up, Gentlemen! By J. B. MORTON. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)
Chambers in the Temple. By C. P. HAWKES. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
The Path Through the Wood. By J. LEWIS MAY. (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)

THE social historian of 2030 who rakes intelligently among the records of to-day will observe, I believe, as a peculiarity of the Quinto-Georgians their anxiety for preserving landmarks. He will study those excellent Councils for the Preservation of Rural This and Societies for the Maintenance of Ancient That with the same admiring curiosity which we now bestow on the nineteenth-century Societies for Universal Improvement. He will note the hubbub which surrounded the destruction of a saddle-back bridge or a disused children's hostel—even a tree in a public park. "A century earlier," he will perorate, "Nash, famous for his stucco Regent Street, drained and laid out all St. James's and Regent's Park. The change was received benignly. In the twentieth century a Mr. Lansbury ordered a paddle-pond, and anger catapulted through the statelier Press."

I have trespassed upon the imagined views of 2030 unduly lengthily, perhaps, after Lord Birkenhead's tour of the period. But the trespass seems necessary, if we are not to take for granted a preservative mood which in itself is not quite simple. As a common element, it holds together these five new and diverse books on England, but its forms vary, and it is inconstant. Thus Dr. Vaughan Cornish, in a book of agreeable jumbliness, can find praise for a changing London, its crowds, its high buildings, and the new "moons and stars" which glide by night down its avenues of traffic. But let him reflect upon the desolate corners of Britain—Dartmoor, or the Cuillin Hills of Skye—and you find him fiercely scheduling "National Parks," the characteristics of which are (in the Prime Minister's words) to be "preserved . . . for the improvement of recreational facilities for the people."

Imagination sees "barbarians" sporting in these National Parks amid labelled and keepered rocks; the mountain paths will be neatly hemmed with orange-painted wire waste-paper baskets. Dr. Cornish may reassure you that:—

"We shall be an educated people . . . not merely an educated minority, and signs are not wanting that the aesthetic contemplation of nature will shortly attain the status of a cult."

But an England so consciously preserved for a future Proletariat is likely to be as near to the natural (and naturally changing) countryside and forest as preserved peaches to peaches on the tree.

We have, as it happens, imported the idea of National Parks with other canned amenities from America, and it is in America that preservation has reached its highest technical victories. In the vestibule of a Hollywood cinema, so I am told, Miss Mary Pickford's footprint is preserved permanently in cement. Mrs. Hughes, the author of "America's England," attains the vaster triumph of identifying authentic American footprints in every corner of our map. Some of these are decidedly ingenious in their tracking, as when she urges her tourist to visit Caerphilly because Cardiff was the war-base of the United States fleet. Others are more elusive, not to say imaginative; she tells her readers to see the "Rocket" in the Science Museum, because this is essentially the same sort of engine which brought them from the coast to London, and because it killed "the Prime Minister, Huskisson."

Mr. J. B. Morton (Lord Beaverbrook's industrious "Beachcomber") has turned from the ardours of daily jokes to concoct a satirical picture of 1935. Some strange disease, congestion of the Chesterton perhaps, or a Belloc-ache of special sharpness, seems to have overcome his customary vitality and emerged in shrill shrieks and bluster. It is all very well for an author to declaim against "Jews and aliens and cranks and politicians," and allow

folk-dancers, Americans, and his fellow-writers at large to absorb the far-flung drenches of his bile. Still reiteration of abuse does not in itself create either good satire or a good novel.

Inn-keepers apart—and the slight story of the book concerns a revolution of beer-drinkers against tea-shops—there remain two good men and true in the England of 1935. One, a travel agent, wears oilskins and trails a sea-chest; he is subtly called Marriner. The name of the other, Wyre, permits Marriner to end the book with a pun. This is perhaps Marriner's one frivolity; normally he expresses himself in a more downright vein: "I don't know what you maggots are talking about, but I will bet the shirt off my back that it's some bloody rot or other." Wyre courts a widowed lady with an equal delicacy of phrasing: "I know you are unique—if I may use that filthy word."

It is possible to oppose Prohibition in a less hysterical manner, but public-houses seem to arouse in Mr. Morton a feeling akin to that which leads another man to preserve a landscape or Bill Stumps his Mark. Apart from beauty and historic interest, it is certainly satisfactory to see something stable about us when politics and economics gyrate and toboggan. Samuel Butler's Ernest Pontifex would visit the Zoo in times of mental stress to ruminate among the slow-changing elephants. Just so we flee from Snowden to Snowdonia, from Mussolini to the Roman Wall. Just so we leave Mr. Morton's rasping reactionaries for table-talk and reminiscence, relieved to find Mr. Hawkes amiably recounting the traditions of the Temple, and composing extravaganzas about its inhabitants.

Then from the pleasant flat-land of the law we move at ease with Mr. Lewis May up through the variegated contours of a Victorian boyhood. Bideford and Barnstaple, and omnibuses lined with glazed linen; the youthful ventures and adventures of John Lane and Elkin Mathews; parish clerks and musical boxes; family physicians and aunts. Mr. May has preserved his Victorian England by a modest and graceful urn-burial.

H. D. ZIMAN.

PASCAL

- Pascal.** By JACQUES CHEVALIER. Translated by LILIAN A. CLARE. (Sheed & Ward. 15s.)

PROFESSOR CHEVALIER'S competent and comprehensive introduction to Pascal, now translated into English for the first time, but published in France seven years ago, has already received in this country at least a part of the recognition it deserves. Few men of genius have been at the same time as versatile and as profound of mind as Pascal, and in consequence few are so difficult to appreciate as a whole. Apart from the inability of many of those who know the "Pensées" and the "Lettres Provinciales" to understand Pascall's mathematical and scientific works, and *vice versa*, the mastery of the main ideas of the "Pensées," from the form of the work alone, defeats the average reader. Or possibly mastery is not the aim of the average reader, and he is perfectly content to remain in ignorance of the whole if he can enjoy some of the parts. These unfinished jottings, ideas noted down in the roughest and most personal fashion in order to spare a heavily tasked memory, lend themselves very easily to eclectic reading. One chooses fragments out of the fragments, and it is not difficult by such a method to piece together a Pascal to fit almost any mood or any philosophy. Professor Chevalier reveals the intention lying behind the fragments and connecting them. He makes passages, frequently neglected for their apparent simplicity and obviousness, give up their secrets. His business is not with any man's Pascal, or even with Professor Chevalier's Pascal, but with *the* Pascal. Perhaps inevitably he goes to the opposite extreme to the eclectic reader. Many of the patterns in which he arranges the "Pensées" in the course of exposition are extremely interesting and illuminating, but he passes over the evidence of a divided mind; all Pascal's contradictions are made to support one another. When Pascal wrote: "Man is evidently made for thought; this is his whole dignity and his whole merit, and his whole duty to think as he ought," he was not denying Christianity, but he was ignoring it. When again he said that diseases

were a source of error, impairing our judgment and our senses, he spoke with common sense out of experience—as Bacon or Montaigne might have spoken. But when he said, "Ne me plaignez point ; la maladie est l'estat naturel des Chrestiens," he showed that he had accepted one of the worst and most stubborn superstitions of the Mediæval Church.

Pascal in many of his ideas was far in advance of his time, and of our time ; in so far as many of the truths which he perceived are more profound than anything psychology has taught us, he saw further than modern psychology. He had a conception of human nature which dwarfs all psychology. But it is the fable of the lion and the mouse again, for Pascal's thought was entangled by his wholly unscientific and arbitrary method of analyzing human personality and mind. The "heart," as every reader of the "Pensées" knows, recurs again and again as a part of the human consciousness which thinks, yet which Pascal considers superior to the reason. Professor Chevalier, on pages 269 and 270 (pages that might profitably be read before starting the book), defines this "heart." It is "direct apprehension, knowledge and feeling both together, of principles." Dr. Stewart, in his Hulsean Lectures on Pascal, says less philosophically but hardly less truly : "By heart he means love, faith, will, instinct, feeling, nature—the intuition which plays its part in every province of human activity." Dr. Stewart exaggerates perhaps the amount of overtime which Pascal made this word do, but it was evidently meant to convey something closely connected with instinct as well as with thought. "Heart, instinct, principles," he wrote in the margin of the "Pensées." "This instinct," says Professor Chevalier, "which Pascal contrasts sometimes with reason, and sometimes with experience, according to the matter in hand, is the aspiration towards goodness which God has put in us, and which remains with us from our former greatness." It is therefore bound up, like so much else in Pascal, with the doctrine of the Fall, which he accepted implicitly, arguing with extraordinary naïveté that man's present unhappiness proved a Fall. "What man was ever unhappy at not being a king, save a discrowned king?" That light might come by way of biology was entirely outside the reaches of his mind. In knowledge of man, his origins and his destiny, we are very little further on than Pascal, but the value of modern science lies in its liberation of the forms of our ideas. Pascal could not free himself from thinking in certain set terms, from conceiving man as faced with the choice between certain incomprehensibles—such as, that original sin was a fact or that original sin was not a fact, that the soul exists with the body or that we have no souls. It never occurred to him that both the affirmation and the denial might be irrelevant and that the true explanation lay in another range of conceptions altogether.

Professor Chevalier expounds the Wager Argument with his usual acuteness and learning—and also with a tendency to let the tail of his bias appear round the edge of the door : "If I remain indifferent when brought face to face with truth, I decide against it"—but was it not admitted that to be brought face to face with truth is an experience of which no man can boast? Pascal, awake as he was to the inadequacy of abstract knowledge and reasoning to persuade men to be Christians, overlooked the fact that the Wager Argument has all the dryness of reasoning without even its power to convince the mind. "A game is being played at the extreme end of this infinite distance, in which heads or tails may turn up"—heads being the existence of God. A value does exist in this consideration, but it is a negative value, not as Pascal tried to make it, positive and effective. For clear moral reasons it is important that the Christian, having wagered heads, should yet remain—as far as his normal, not his mystical experience goes—in doubt as to whether he wagered right or not. A salutary humility, the salt of a knowledge of risk, is ensured to the Christian life. But it is extremely unlikely that the reverse side of this great uncertainty ever sufficed to persuade any man to take the first step in Christian submission.

But whether or not the reader shares Professor Chevalier's views upon Pascal's philosophy of Christianity, the interest of following the working of Pascal's extra-

ordinary mind upon a subject of perpetual significance is not affected. Professor Chevalier's sympathy with Pascal's views enables him to do work of far greater value in elucidation than he could have done in criticism by virtue of difference of belief. The paradox of Pascal's scheme—his judgment and condemnation of the reason by the reason, a form of mental jurisprudence such as an ostrich might conceive—Professor Chevalier ignores, and perhaps soundly, for what rules the scheme is neither paradox nor love of dogma, but Pascal's deep distress at the manner in which man evades sincere thought and shuns moral decisions.

LYN LL. IRVINE.

LEIGH HUNT

Leigh Hunt. A Biography. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson. 2ls.)

A CRITIC, by no means a fervid "Leontian," is said to have remarked that though there were things in and about Leigh Hunt that you could not help disliking or cease to dislike, the more you knew of this "in and aboutness" the more things you found that you could like and not cease liking. Mr. Milford's pretty recent new edition of the Poems justified this in one way ; our present author's dealings with the "Examiner" in another ; and now Mr. Blunden has followed that up with the most important and perhaps not the easiest part of all—the rehabilitation, *not* the mere whitewashing, of Hunt as a man. Let it be observed that in saying this we do not lay any particular stress on the "Skimpole mystery," as Mr. Blunden appropriately calls it. Anybody who has looked into that matter knows that whosoever comes worst out of it, it is not Leigh Hunt, and scarcely even Skimpole himself, if he can be said to have a self.

Perhaps the cleverest thing Mr. Blunden has done is to admit, more than once, the "jauntiness" of his hero. "Jaunty" is a very unlucky word. Derived, and though transliterated hardly transpronounced, from *gentil*, it seems for some time to have kept the amiable meaning of the French, at least in Scotland. There is not the shadow of offence in a line (of Lord Binning's was it not?) which Scott quotes :—

"A more polite and jaunty man."

Where it is almost a form of "gentleman." But in English it has, if not always, for a very long time, had unfavourable connotations ; and there have been, and perhaps still are, people to whom few things were and are more unforgivably offensive than jauntiness. Now, venial or deadly be it, Leigh Hunt certainly was guilty of this sin. It is pretty bad in his "Feast of the Poets"; it is enough to make the folk above mentioned shudder or swear, in that quatrain about Lady Blessington which Mr. Blunden quotes with an admirable boldness and no attempt at defence except a perhaps not quite fair imputation of community on "the early Victorians." Leigh Hunt was rather a late-living Georgio-Gulielmite than an Early Victorian. But this does not in the least spoil the value of the quotation. This is a sample of the judicious honesty which pervades the whole book and leaves the reader with a good taste in his mouth as regards both biographer and biographée—a taste certainly not achieved by those defenders who speak of Hunt's curious imprisonment in a sort of A 100 division as if it had been a course of starvation and boiling oil. The construction of the book is indeed decidedly interesting. It is, as has been said, perfectly honest, and so, being that, it could not be invariably eulogistic. But it is in great part a sort of mosaic of mostly favourable extracts from other writers about Leontius—"evidence to character" of a really valuable kind and almost equally interesting for its purport and for the persons who give it. Mr. Blunden is not unfair to Byron : he gives one a satisfactory presentation of that almost unluckiest of men, Haydon ; and there are, of course, frequent and always welcome flavours not only in the earlier part of Shelley himself but of Mary. (Let anyone who thinks and speaks evil of Mary, except from a strictly moral point of view, expect a smart touch of purgatory !) And all this is done not at all as by one who heaps a pleasant miscellany, but in furtherance of the purpose of the book. Opinions may differ as to the slight shifting of the pecuniary

Skimpolitics from Leigh to poor Marianne (to do Dickens justice there was no parallel there), but by no means common compensation is made by the illustration of the book with several of Marianne's own little known silhouettes or "sculptures." Perhaps, again, there is a probably not intentional but possibly imaginable hit or two at Moore. But "Tommy" certainly had, except at the very end, his good things in this life; and Leigh Hunt as certainly was not overprovided in that way. So it may be fair that he should have them at last: and Mr. Milford and Mr. Blunden have given some to him very generously and quite justly.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ON SPOTTING THE WINNER

Investment. By L. L. B. ANGAS. (Macmillan. 20s.)

"INVESTMENT" is an attempt to turn into an exact science the game of "spotting the winner" on the Stock Exchange.

Many of Mr. Angas's statements are distressingly obvious, as when, in his opening sentence, he lays it down as an axiom that "the first fact which must be borne in mind about investment is that risk is inevitable." On that sad phenomenon experience is probably as good a handbook as a twenty-shilling treatise. Some of Mr. Angas's remedies for limiting risks are equally obvious—Mr. Angas, for instance, advises investors to buy shares only "if they are quoted reasonably low in the market." But how is the bewildered investor to know when "they are reasonably low in the market"? It is as if a racing tipster were to advise his clients to back only horses that "looked to be reasonably fast."

Even his more elaborate guidance is at times subject to the same criticism. "Prefer industries," he says, "where demand is rapidly expanding." Even if it may have expanded in the past, how is it possible to gauge if it is likely to expand in the future? The curve of the trade cycle has a lesson to teach here; and, in any case, the luck of the tables must to a greater or less degree enter into all Stock Exchange transactions. The hard-pressed investor in the maelstrom of successive Wall Street crashes would have found little comfort of soul if in the midst of collapsing markets he had turned to page 48 of this book and quietly mastered "the selling rules": for Throgmorton Street must, in a sense, be a suburb of Monte Carlo.

At the same time, the book has a definite value as a clear examination of the varying types of investment, and the rules and conventions that might reasonably regulate their operation. Much of Mr. Angas's advice is very sound, particularly on the science of selling. "A useful rule for long term investors," he suggests, "who cannot afford the time to watch the internal economics of their holdings is to sell whenever a dividend is lowered or whenever annual net profits are 10 per cent. less than those of the previous year." Equally to the point is his precept about profits. "Never," he insists, "let a profit of over 15 per cent. run into a loss. Give a sliding stop loss order which will conserve you half to two-thirds of your paper gains. If the profit continues to grow, slide your stop loss order up accordingly."

Probably more mistakes are made about selling even than about buying. There is not merely a disposition to be too greedy about profits when the shares are rising, but a tendency to be too miserly about losses when the shares are falling. Every investor should name the loss that he is prepared to suffer, and instruct his broker to sell his shares at once when that figure is reached. As Mr. Angas says: "If shares will not go your way, go theirs. Never hold doggedly on." Some of the greatest gains have been made time and again by those who were not afraid to face losses.

But the book is packed with sound admonitions. Here are a few of them. "To invest scientifically it is often necessary to wait with money uninvested for many months on end. The active investor must realize this. He must learn to be inactive." "Crowd buying is most infectious; inoculate yourself against the disease." "A common fault among investors is the inability to leave given markets alone after they have made money out of them. The

capacity to stand clear of a market, despite its having proved benevolent, must be carefully cultivated."

Mr. Angas gives, too, an admirable summary of the chief rules for buying shares. They are worth quotation:—

"Only buy into industries with rising profit trends." "Prefer the second year of revival." "Keep to the Market leaders." "Prefer shares with large equities." "Yields should be reasonably high; earnings considerably higher." "Management must be honest and good." "If an industry has not recently slumped, there should be no signs of recent over-investment."

No sound business-man would quarrel with those principles trite though they mostly are. The difficulty is to find a share outside the celestial regions that would conform to all of them. Still, Mr. Angas's book is a very useful work. It is not in any sense a get-rich-quick booklet. Those who read it will not find the secret to successful flutters, but they will find a guide to sound investment. If they follow Mr. Angas's advice, they may not make a fortune, but they are unlikely to lose one.

H. L. NATHAN.

NEW NOVELS

The Hungry Road. By G. U. ELLIS. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)
Rings on Her Fingers. By RHYS DAVIES. (Shaylor. 7s. 6d.)
No Goodness in the Worm. By GAY TAYLOR. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
The Kramer Girls. By RUTH SUCKOW. (Knopf. 7s. ed.)
The Forgotten Image. By ELEANOR SCOTT. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

REASON has the best of the case, no doubt. Instinct, or some ineradicable prejudice, persuades us that England was a more beautiful place before the industrial era. Reason demolishes our preferences in the name of the God Progress, and we throw up our hands before the devastating argument. Wistful glances back at what we believed fine and is gone are of no avail against logic; and in the matter of logic we are aware of being so ill-provided that we hardly venture to point to two million unemployed as being rather a cog in the wheel of efficiency. No, we will stick more or less quietly to our prejudices, and for those who share them there is much in "The Hungry Road," which menaced the quietness of two villages, to appeal to them, even to make them feel that it has not been altogether a bad thing for England that there were landed gentry to preserve so long their parks, woods, and manorial rights. The people of Mr. Ellis's villages are angry at the menance of the arterial road. Martin Furnivell, the Squire of Pepperford, fights hard both for his own village and its neighbour. It is strange that so stout a champion for the rights of the common people to the undisturbed possession of the land they love should transgress the oldest of man's rights, and deliberately rob another man of his wife (prejudices peep out again!). The love affair between Furnivell and Sue Brested weakens the book; there is no feeling of inevitability behind it.

Would it were possible to play a game of forfeits with the many lovers of D. H. Lawrence's novels! Hold up "Rings on Her Fingers," by Rhys Davies, and chant "Here is a thing, a very pretty thing. Who is the owner of this pretty thing?" A chorus of voices would answer, "Lawrence." For this is the Lawrence of the miner's household, raw, hating, loving, and lustng. "'I'll bruise you!' he said. And his voice, in its fierce exultance, went over her blood. She remained pressed against the wall, her eyes shut, her blood singing, waiting for his mouth, his young mouth that she had longed for. She felt the heat of his body, she sensed its vigorous cleanliness, its fierce whiteness, taut in its anger of desire." "Join us, and you'll never be dull," as the suffragettes used to advertise in unemancipated days. *Anger!* This hate of loving, of fulfilment! The mantle has fallen.

The pessimistic note in the title "No Goodness in the Worm" vibrates through the book. It is the story of three women friends. Valentine, one of them, marries without any realization of the obligation and loyalties of mind, heart, or body. She soon tires of her husband, and feels no sympathy for his obvious failure in life. She meets a man whom she admits "she loves but cannot like," and indulges in a passionate affair with him; which continues long after she knows his utter unworthiness. Silky, another of the trio, flaunts at marriage; she writes: "I told him . . . I

said, I was willing to share bed but not board." Eventually Silky shares Valentine's lover and has a child by him. It is the custom to say of a good first novel that it has promise: of this one it can be said it is a work of art maturely accomplished.

In "The Kramer Girls" Miss Suckow is at her best in the Louisa Alcott manner. Homely people make supreme sacrifices in a homely way. But life in a settlement becomes a terrifying experience in "The Forgotten Image," a hot-house for craft, guile, and egotism, merciless exploitation and squandering of the emotions. It is difficult to believe that so many women joined together "to do good" could work so much harm upon themselves and upon others. Yet there is an air of verity in the characterization. The women are drawn with subtlety, for Miss Scott has the gift, not only of analyzing the emotions that sweep her people along, but also the complex motives, often mean and self-interested though cloaked in righteousness, which impel these women to segregate together for the good of their poorer neighbours. The character drawing alone is sufficient to make this an unusual and interesting book.

KATHLEEN C. TOMLINSON.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S VILLAGE

The Village Book. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

It has been a most enjoyable occupation to make my way through these gentle chapters. Mr. Williamson has allowed himself to lapse from his Hercules vein, and the result is no loss. There are very few passages of that abhorrent thing, fine nature-writing. I confess that literature about birds usually frightens me as surely as though it were Shakespearean criticism. I know only three writers on the subject who ever gave me pleasure. They were Jefferies, Hudson, and H. J. Massingham. Mr. Williamson now makes a fourth, for the passages in this book which describe the trials and losses and joys of birds are truly beautiful. They

make one excited, as though actually watching with this quiet, unobtrusive recorder. He is no sentimentalist on the matter. We learn of the pair of white owls nesting under the roof of his cottage, and how with the help of their three fledglings they consumed ninety rodents in nine hours: mice, young rats, and field voles. One day he watched a fight between a peregrine falcon and a raven. The latter, in order to defend itself, was forced to drop its catch. "As usual, the fight ended in a draw; but what I am so eager to impart to you is this: the plunder fell with a clash and a clang on the rocks, and scrambling to it, we picked up a young rabbit in a gin, or steel traps, with chain attached, the load weighing about three pounds."

Thus Mr. Williamson keeps close to his object, whether it be bird or fury beast, tree or weather, wild landscape or cottage interior; or even the invisible realities of the countryside, such as the temperaments that evolve the scandal, honour, good company, quarrels, and religious superstitions of country life. The author's faithfulness in these matters is rewarded, for the accumulative effect of his painstaking accuracy succeeds in bringing an English village to life in as complete a way as I have ever known through the invocation of words. He records all things: the smell of the village rubbish burning, in which he recognizes the rubbery stench of washers from potted meat jars; the strengthening of barrels of cider by dropping an iron chain or a few pounds of beef steak or pigs' ears through the bunghole, so that the acid might eat iron and flesh away to give a body to the apple wine. He tells of the exaggerated sense of property in the village community; describes the sorrow and fatalistic submission which accompanied a baby's funeral, an infant of one year who, the night before it died, ate a plateful of tinned salmon as a proof of its perfect health.

But a catalogue of the contents of Mr. Williamson's book will not convey the secret of its success. Somehow or other he has captured the over-soul of English rural life, that permeating quality which one can appreciate only after living through several years at least in one place; each tree, path, cottage, human being, the very stones and weeds, uniting in a sort of unheard song of place and history; music to break the heart because of its elusive beauty and pathos and unfading ardour.

Echoes of this music haunt Mr. Williamson's work, and are audible in such phrases as "air, and sun, and wind, these are the inspiration of life, the ancient source of renewal, whose inherited essence is the beauty in Man's mind." Still I feel that I have not described the quality which makes this book so enjoyable. Let this further quotation do it for me. "Like the spirits of men, the trees are the shape of their suffering. The everlasting talons of the wind pierce them; the salt spray blights their buds as they break, corrupts the edges of the opening leaves, ruins the tender stems before they are set in their strength. They grow close and bent, with roots interwoven, their few branches rubbing brown sores under and against one another. The blast shakes them, and they cry out with the sharp and brittle cry of the mouse pierced by the talons of the brown wind-falcon. Do trees feel pain like men; do they despair? We know that they die."

RICHARD CHURCH.

ANGLO-INDIA

Must England Lose India? By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARTHUR OSBURN, D.S.O. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)

Loyal India. By PERCY H. DUMBELL. (Constable. 12s.)

COLONEL OSBURN clearly belongs to the small but growing number of Englishmen who have had experience of official life in India and revolted against the traditions and outlook of Anglo-India. His book should prove a valuable antidote to those people in England who imagine that the strong racial feeling which exists in India to-day is merely the result of nationalist agitation. "There is," as the author points out, "nothing in this book that any Englishman who has travelled with his eyes and ears open in India could not have seen and found out for himself." It is for the most part a plain and straightforward recital of incidents which are bound to occur when Europeans adopt the normal atti-

BE

UP - TO - DATE —

SHELLUBRICATE

tude of superiority common in India even to-day. Much of the trouble is ascribed to our Public Schools, and the prefect system which sends boys out East in the right mood to acquire that patronizing and occasionally bullying way of treating Indians which is the cause of so much trouble. The author also appreciates how the tradition of "stern measures" after the Indian Mutiny has survived from generation to generation of military and civilian officers, and how "the ghastly massacre at Amritsar takes one back to the 'frightfulness' of the days when, after the Indian Mutiny, Indian soldiers were lashed by the English to the muzzle of their cannon and blown to pieces."

One cannot help regretting that, for reasons which do not seem very conclusive, Colonel Osburn did not publish his book a few years ago. Politics have recently dominated Anglo-Indian relations so entirely that every book which appears is apt to be labelled "pro" or "con," and judged only upon its attitude towards Home Rule. Colonel Osburn is not a politician, and many of the remedies suggested in his final chapter are scarcely practical, but he has a sturdy common sense and hatred of shams which are invaluable. It is good to find a man who would probably be considered as "pro-Indian" in Cheltenham or Kensington, but who states the obvious truth that "the misguided efforts to increase personal contact in social matters between the average Hindu and the average Englishman in India should not be persisted in. Such social contact at present is more likely to produce mutual irritation and contempt than respect." Most of those few Englishmen who attack our social habits abroad are of the kind who take good care to be as unlike other Englishmen as possible, but here we have an author who "does not pretend that he behaved with any greater consideration to the Indian than the majority of his fellow countrymen. Indeed, he does not remember ever treating any 'native' half as well as he treats his dog." The result is a most interesting book, and much opening of cupboards in which the skeletons of Anglo-India are usually safely hidden.

Much of the book is given up to a very reasoned and moderate reply to the general charges made by Miss Mayo of youthful depravity amongst the Indians. Colonel Osburn's long medical experience in the East has enabled him to take a sane and balanced view upon questions in which climate and early maturity have an important place. He shows how vague talk about Indian idolatry and sexual aberrations help to give the young Englishman in the East that "schoolboy superiority complex." On the whole it is a very valuable piece of work, and one which should be read by every European going out to India. By one of those curious freaks of administration so common in the East the book appears to have been banned in India. This is a pity, for it would have given many Indians some cause for hope that we were at last beginning to face up to the real cause of our difficulties in the East.

Mr. Dumbell has compiled a useful collection of speeches and documents which include many of the more important official statements made about India on behalf of the British Government. It must be confessed that the title of the work hardly suggests that it is a compilation of this kind.

G. T. GARRATT.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Flood. By HAROLD PEAKE. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

Mr. Harold Peake deals in a popular but not too popular way with the various stories of universal and local floods which have been discovered in the folk tales of many peoples civilized and uncivilized; and with the explanations that have been forthcoming. Some of the tales are obviously myths, invented to explain pluvial evidence in the geography of a locality. Others clearly refer to dim memories of local inundations; and some undoubtedly to a widely diffused story of a universal flood. Mr. Peake writes, needless to say, in the light of Mr. Woolley's discoveries at Ur, and gives us a critical comparison of the Genesis stories with the Sumerian and the later Babylonian versions of what is beginning to be seen as an historical catastrophe in Mesopotamia, about the beginning of the fourth millennium B.C. Mr. Peake reviews the reports of the recent discoveries at Kish and Ur and their cultural significance, and incidentally

submits the various chronologies put forward to strict analysis. There is nothing particularly novel in the book, but it does summarize effectively the archaeology of Mesopotamia as it stands at the moment. Biblical students especially will be interested in Mr. Peake's discussion of Genesis, though, of course, the Bible story is too obviously second-hand to have any real bearing on the historicity of the Sumerian Flood. *

Demonolatry. By NICHOLAS REMY. Translated by E. A. ASHWIN. Edited by the REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS. (Routledge. 30s.)

Nicholas Remy seems very sensible and extremely learned. He was Public Advocate in Lorraine; published the "Demonolatry" in 1595; cites cases from his own experience; states and considers all the objections that occur to one; was not, incidentally, a celibate; and did not regard his subject primarily as a source of excitement. He did not believe that the Devil could make witches pregnant or change them into wolves, but that he enabled them to do harm to their enemies; and it would be hard indeed to rise from this book thinking it was all nonsense. One does not, however, feel at all sure what it was. The style of official Catholics has still the odd simplicity that can be felt in these pages; perhaps it is enough to say, with Bacon, that they form an induction by the fallacy of simple enumeration. The edition is very beautiful indeed.

Memoirs of Marmontel. Translated by BRIGIT PATMORE. (Routledge. 15s.)

"The Memoirs of Marmontel" is a perfectly delightful book, full of eighteenth-century sensibility and eighteenth-century fun, and one not particularly easy to procure in French. A new translation of it is therefore to be welcomed, and many people will be glad of Miss Brigit Patmore's version. It might have been as well, however, to state that this translation is not complete. There is a good deal to be said for missing out the whole of the fourth volume where the memoirs cease to be personal and become rather a dull history of the Revolution, but there seems to be less object in omitting the eleventh and twelfth books—when Marmontel had been appointed Secretary of the Academy—which contain admirable portraits of Necker, Maurepas, and others. Also Diderot's account of his quarrel with Rousseau at the beginning of Book 8 is worth having.

Glimpses of the Great. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. (Duckworth. 21s.)

This is a book of interest rather than value. It contains interviews with some thirty-odd Europeans (and Henry Ford) who happen for widely various reasons to have attained eminence; among them are Bernard Shaw, Einstein, Emil Ludwig, the Kaiser, Ramsay MacDonald, Freud, Ludendorff, Foch, Hindenburg, Schnitzler, and Mussolini. Mr. Viereck is a super-interviewer; he has a faculty for making his subjects speak their minds on important topics; it is clear also that his journalistic position gives him privileges not accorded to many men. It seems the more unnecessary therefore that he should seek pretentiously to deck out his records as "flashes of the great World Brain," a composite portrait, as it were, of the Spirit of the Age. He confesses himself compelled by curiosity to seek out "my most eminent contemporaries. I am not satisfied until I have wrested their philosophy of life from their lips, until I have acquired from them something I need to complete my own universe."

BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

MRS. CULBERTSON'S "MYSTERY" PROBLEM (II.)

FOR the benefit of those who may not have seen my last week's article, I will reproduce the terms of the "mystery" problem. Here it is. The "mystery" hand was bid as follows:—

South	West	North	East
1st Round 1 Club	1 Diamond	2 Hearts	Never Bids
2nd Round 2 No-Trumps	Pass	3 Spades	
3rd Round 4 Spades	Pass	5 Diamonds	
4th Round 6 Spades	Pass	7 Clubs	

West led the King of Diamonds to the first trick. What are the cards held by North and South, it being assumed that both players are playing the "forcing system"?

I reproduced, last week, Mr. Culbertson's analysis of the first two rounds of bidding, and showed that the situa-

tion, at the end of the second round, was known to be:—

- ♦ A Q x x or K Q 10 x
- ♥ A K x x x
- ◊ ?
- + ?

North		
West	East	
South		

- ♦ K x (x) (x) or A x (x) (x)
- ♥ ? (not more than three)
- ◊ J x x x or Q x x x
- + A K x x (x) or A Q x x (x)

(3) We pass now to the third round.

South, by bidding Four Spades, shows definitely that he has four of the suit headed by the Ace or King. He cannot have more than four Spades or his opening bid would have been a bid in this suit and not in Clubs. And he cannot hold fewer, or his bid would have been Three No-Trumps.

Now comes the most significant bid of the round. North, not content to be left in with a game call, makes a "forcing" bid of Five Diamonds. This means that North can guarantee that, if the hand is played in any suit other than Diamonds, no tricks in the Diamond suit will be lost. Therefore, he either holds the single Ace of Diamonds (which, as we have seen, is very unlikely) or is void in the suit.

We also know now that North has at least three Clubs, as otherwise he must hold at least seven Hearts and would continue the bidding in that suit. The situation disclosed at the end of the third round of bidding is thus as follows:—

- ♦ A Q x x or K Q J (or 10) x
- ♥ A K x x x (x)
- ◊ Probably none; otherwise A
- + x x x

North		
West	East	
South		

- ♦ K x x x or A x x x
- ♥ x (x)
- ◊ J x x x or Q x x x
- + A K (or Q) x x (x)

Fourth round.—Now comes South's, at first sight, surprising bid of Six Spades. The object of this bid is to show his partner additional values, *based, not upon honour tricks, but upon suit distribution*, which have been brought out of the picture by North's disclosure that he is void of Diamonds. It is known already that South has almost certainly a losing trick in Clubs; therefore, his bid aims at showing that no tricks can be lost in Spades or Hearts. Hence he holds either Spades K, J, x, x (if North holds the Ace, Queen), or Spades A, x, x, x (if North holds Spades K, Q, 10). More than this, his call makes it fairly clear that at most he only holds a singleton Heart.

The remaining inferences required are deducible from North's bid of Seven Clubs. To make such a bid he must have at least Clubs Q, J, x, x, so that now we can read his whole hand. We know already that he has four Spades and five Hearts, and our strong suspicion that he is void of Diamonds is definitely confirmed.

Finally, we can check up South's holdings from the fact that he does not (as he might do) proceed from the Seven-Club bid to one of Seven Spades. He evidently holds five Clubs, as otherwise he would probably go on to Spades; and, as we have already given him four Spades and one Heart, his Diamonds should be three to the Queen. The "mystery" hands are thus disclosed as follows:—

- ♦ A Q x x or K Q (J or 10) x
- ♥ A K x x x
- ◊ None
- + Q J x x or K J x x

North		
West	East	
South		

- ♦ K J x x or A x x x
- ♥ x x
- ◊ Q x x Q x x
- + A K x x x or A Q x x x

RECENT H.M.V. RECORDS

I AM glad to see that Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra have not thought it beneath their dignity to record two of Sousa's finest marches, "El Capitan" and "The Stars and Stripes for Ever" (10-in., E556). People are apt to look upon Sousa as merely the efficient purveyor of a certain type of popular music, now rather démodé, without realizing how far he excels the other writers in the same genre. The extraordinary freshness and vigour of his marches and the real musicianship which has gone to their making have not only kept them alive after their period has passed, but will probably carry them well through the present phase of popular lugubriousness. I remember how, in one of Mr. Cochran's many best revues, two exhibition dancers produced an electrifying effect by dancing to a Sousa March, instead of to the usual foxtrot. It was as if the Fratellini had suddenly appeared in a refined Pierrot-entertainment.

Not only do Sousa's tunes show more invention than those of the present-day popular composer, but they are showered on us with an almost royal prodigality; each one of his many marches contains three full-length, self-supporting tunes—enough for a whole musical comedy in these days of song-plugging. One must admit that no jazz composer has shown anything comparable to this continuous melodic fertility. After playing through a number of jazz records, the blatant high spirits of Sousa's marches are almost disconcerting. How long is it, I wonder, since any modern song-writer even set out to be cheerful, let alone succeed? The lugubrious descent has been a gradual one, and not so many years ago people still wrote tunes with such titles as "Any old night is a wonderful night if you're out with a wonderful girl," but would such a hopeful message be received with any sympathy to-day?

The Stokowski record is a good one, with perhaps a little too much resonance in places. The staccato chords in "El Capitan" should sound like the crack of a whip, and should have no hint of an echo. Let us hope that the Philadelphia Orchestra will give us more of the Sousa marches, including perhaps some of the lesser known ones, such as the fine "On to Victory," or "Vive Hapsburg," which has fallen under a cloud for political more than musical reasons.

There has been rather a glut recently of recordings of classical piano works; not really the type of music which is very enjoyable on the gramophone or particularly suited to it. The great classic works must obviously be recorded, and I, for one, always enjoy the more pyrotechnical virtuoso records, but I cannot see that there is much point in recording Beethoven's A flat sonata No. 12, which is neither Beethoven at his best, nor effective piano music. The recording is clearer than usual, but the performance, by Lamond, is not particularly inspiring. The funeral march suggests that the pianist had one eye on the clock, and the finale is played with a wayward rubato in every bar, which I cannot feel is really called for by the straightforward toccata-like music (two 12-in. records, D1931-2).

The Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann are, of course, in a different class, as, however hackneyed they may be, they always retain their vitality (with a sympathetic performance). Besides, they are one of the few sets of classical variations that are consistently musical. The recording by Cortot is complete, and includes the posthumous études (three 12-in. records, DB1325-7). Cortot is not an impeccable pianist, but the genuine insight and sympathy of his interpretations are always enjoyable. He is one of the few pianists who can play a long work with an unbroken line.

"Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine" and Dvorák's "Carnaval" overture have been well recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates. Taken by itself, I always find "Siegfried's Journey" one of the least satisfactory of the Wagnerian excerpts (a suitably unpleasant word). (12-in. record, D1777.)

The "Carnaval" overture is played with great energy. Like the music, the performance is a bit unpolished in places, but, like the music, it is carried through with really enjoyable vitality and enthusiasm (12-in. record, D1796).

The records of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra are always impeccably played and well recorded, but they are marked by a singularly dull choice of music. This Orchestra, under Clemens Krauss, have recorded the "Im Frühling" overture of Goldmark, an innocuous and uneventful work. Goldmark enjoys, I believe, a great reputation in his native town, Vienna. He is evidently one of those pleasant *vins-du-pays* that will not travel.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

WATCHING PRICES FALL—HENRY FORD—GRAMOPHONES—NITRATE

BARON BRUNO SCHRODER has issued a banker's manifesto on his own. At the general meeting of the Continental and Industrial Trust this week he called upon the basic industries to rationalize, and expressed the hope that, if the fiscal policy of this country were changed, no effective protection would be given to them until they were reorganized and made efficient. Many will prefer this manifesto to that of the massed bankers last month. Meanwhile, whatever bankers may think, security prices continue to dwindle. So far no one can accuse the members of the Stock Exchange of being panicky in this hour of trial. Most thinking people in the City believe that the trade of the country will become worse before it gets better; yet there is no rush to unload shares. In this respect the investment trust companies have set a good example. Baron Schröder explained to the shareholders of Continental and Industrial Trust that investment trusts could not sell their large shareholdings even if the directors expected lower prices in the market; they were bound to hold the bulk of their securities as investments in bad times as in good. He was not moralizing: he implied that there was a practical limit to their operations in sensitive markets. Hence the real test of an investment trust company's position will come this year when dividends are reduced on many shares which they are obliged to hold.

* * *

Mr. Henry Ford, for the first time in his life, has made in public a depressing remark. He is reported to have told an interviewer that the American automobile industry would be working only ten months out of twelve. Is it significant that both before and after this dark pronouncement the shares of the Ford Motor Company of England should be leaping upwards? After a period of quiescence at round 3½ these £1 shares suddenly rose on August 5th to 4½, and subsequently to 4¾. At the moment of writing they are back to 4 3-16. For every rise on the Stock Exchange there are at least two rumours. One, in this case, was that the new Ford plant at Dagenham, Essex, was nearing completion, and would be starting production towards the end of the year. The other was that the tractor works at Cork were exporting large quantities of machines to Russia. There is some truth in both rumours. Part of the Dagenham plant may be producing before December. As for Cork, these works are not only exporting tractors to Russia, but to the United States, and in such quantities that the U.S. Senate deemed it necessary to increase the tariff in order to protect the American working man against Mr. Henry Ford, importer. Apparently both Irish and Russian labour are indiscriminately regarded by American Senators as "sweated."

* * *

The shares of the Ford Motor Company of England are perhaps the most intriguing in the industrial market. The Company last year disclosed earnings of 12.8 per cent. merely from its English and Irish business. It took credit for nothing from its Continental subsidiaries whose earnings and dividends last year were actually as follows:—

Ford Subsidiaries*	Earnings %	Dividends %
Ford, Belgium	49.2	13
Ford, Denmark†	29.2	10
Ford, France	26.5	10
Ford, Germany	23.8	10
Ford, Holland	57.3	10
Ford, Spain	32.4	10

* Excluding Ford of Italy.

† Controls Ford of Sweden, which controls Ford of Finland.

If credit is taken for these subsidiaries' earnings, less minority interests, it will be found that the Ford Motor Company of England actually earned last year 26 per cent. to cover its dividend of 10 per cent. But the speculator in Ford shares should tread warily. How can he know whether it will suit the Ford Company, being subject to the crushing rates of British taxation, to draw more

than a modicum of dividends from its Continental companies or to take credit directly for any dividends at all? It may be safer for the speculator to buy the shares of those Continental companies which show the widest margins between earnings and dividends and are subject to the mildest forms of taxation. Of course, the dividend policy of the Company cannot alter the intrinsic worth of its shares, which will always be valued on an earnings basis. Meanwhile, shareholders of British motor manufacturing companies should take notice of the following facts—that the Ford plant at Dagenham is being equipped to turn out 200,000 Ford cars a year, whereas the entire output of British firms combined is 180,000 cars a year, and that if there is to be a motor trade war in this country the betting will favour the single powerful concern concentrating on one model, rather than the dozen or so disunited firms turning out forty-two different models.

* * *

The Columbia Graphophone Company has just declared record profits for the year ending June, 1930, but the 10s. shares have never been so low for four years. At the present price of 3 11-32 they yield even 6.15 per cent.—a remarkable event in their history. The following table gives the impressive trading record of the Company and the extraordinary market record of the shares:—

	1928.	1929.	1930
Net Profits	£377,044	£505,121	£580,159
Per cent. Earned	73.4	45.3	43.6
Per cent. Paid	48.0*	45†	40
Lowest Price of Shares	32	35	31
Highest Price of Shares	17½	19	7 17-32
	cum bonus	cum bonus	issue
	100 per cent.		
	And capital bonus		
	And issue of shares on bonus terms.		

Earnings may decline in the year ending June, 1931, but it speaks well for the Company's trade that in spite of the passing of the Columbia (International) dividend (£42,633) and the reduced purchasing power of most countries in the past six months, the profits for 1929-30 should have reached record proportions. The Gramophone Company (H.M.V.), whose £1 shares are now quoted at 2 23-32, against a high level of 18½ (including 100 per cent. bonus) last year, and 5½ this year, is reported to be less favourably situated than Columbia. If this Company paid on its doubled capital half its 1928-29 dividends of 60 per cent., the shares would yield 10.9 per cent., but it would be wise not to look for more than 20 per cent., that is, a yield of 7.25 per cent.

* * *

The European producers of synthetic nitrogen have at last come to terms with the producers of Chilean nitrate. The basis of the agreement, which covers the entire world except the United States of America, is that each producer retains his home market, and that exports to neutral markets are regulated by quotas. The "Cosana" Company, which is to take over the whole of the Chilean nitrate industry—the Chilean Government holding half the share capital—will benefit from the agreement because unlike the European synthetic producers the Chilean nitrate industry is not to be restricted as to output. Moreover, prices have been adjusted as between the synthetic product and the Chilean nitrate of soda in favour of the latter. But the shareholders of Cosana must remember first that the Company has to make heavy payments to the Chilean Government in the first few years, in addition to contributing £750,000 to the compensation fund for synthetic producers whose works may be closed down, and secondly that the capitalization of the Company at £75,000,000 is based on economies to be realized from the working of the Guggenheim process. These economies will not be immediately secured, as 1,000,000 tons of the 2½ million tons output fixed for the first year will be produced under the Shanks process. In other words, Cosana, for the time being, is over-capitalized.

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